

LEND A HAND

A Record of Progress and Journal of Organized Charity.

VOL. I.

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No. 1.

MANY men and women, at work in different places, and on different lines of philanthropy, have established this magazine, that they may coöperate together and have one common organ, by which to explain to each other their successes and their failures. They will dwell on their successes more in detail than on their failures, because their hope is that they may improve the condition of things. But they will acknowledge failure when it exists, and will tell enough of it to warn others from like false experiments.

Without such a central organ, every report of an enterprise of public spirit or philanthropy, whether published by a government board, by an individual, or by a charitable society, is apt to be placed in the hands of exactly the people already interested in the enterprise described, but it does not reach the general public. Indeed, it may not reach even the experts in other lines of social science or philanthropic endeavor than that which it describes. We hope that we may at least make of this magazine a "Clearing-House," which shall receive from every society engaged in public improvement an account of its achievements and of its wants, and that we can place this account in the hands of all the others.

The great system of "Charity organizations," known either by that name or by the name of the "Associated Charities," now exists in most of the principal cities of the United States, and is extending as fast as its advantages are properly known. LEND A HAND is established, in the wish to make practically an association of the "Associated Charities," or an organization of the "charity organizations." The plans for the magazine were made only after careful conference between the leaders of the charity organizations of New York, Philadelphia and Boston. It will have the regular editorial assistance of the central directors in those cities. And we are assured also of the coöperation of the friends of the "Associated Charities" in Brooklyn, Newark, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Cambridge, Lynn, and many other cities. We trust that the magazine may be considered, from this moment, the organ of mutual communication for all.

In all work of charity the larger part of daily duty and of personal care falls, fortunately, on women. In our own social condition, with the enlargement of the range of occupation of women, there has sprung up, almost to our surprise, a necessity for the supervision of that occupation, and its right arrangement, so that in what was thought the emancipation of women, the health and rights of working-women may be carefully and fairly considered. The organization of the clubs of working-women is one illustration among many of the loyal work which women can do in practical ways, for themselves. To Woman's Work for Woman, one department of this magazine will be dedicated. It will be under the special oversight of Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, the president of the Women's National Indian Association.

VOL I.—I.

It seems to us specially desirable that young people of both sexes shall be interested in work of public spirit, and in a true helpfulness to others, at an early age. We recognize the existence of the Wadsworth Clubs, the Society of Christian Endeavor, and other unselfish organizations in Sunday Schools, and elsewhere among young people, as a very encouraging element in the social work of our time. This magazine, indeed, has taken its name from the work of such clubs, and directly continues the monthly journal by which many of them communicated with each other. Under the general direction of Mrs. Davis, a department of the magazine will be specially given to the record of such philanthropic work by the young, and to its encouragement.

We can readily understand that grave students of scientific social reform will look askance at the space thus given to what will seem to them almost childish, and quite beneath the dignity of a great movement. But we must remind them, that the young people of to-day are to be the workmen of a few years hence, and we must ask them where they will find the active and unselfish working men and women on whom their larger enterprises must rely, if they are not trained, and wisely trained, in their days of youthful enthusiasm and omnipotence.

We beg all directors of all charities, to forward us at the earliest possible moment, copies of their Reports. Early proof-sheets would be desirable even before the last cares of binding or other work of external completion. On our part, we undertake to publish regularly a condensed statement of the leading facts in such reports, with such references as may enable inquirers on the subject involved, to communicate with the society which publishes them. We believe, that in the course of years, such a digest of the charity-work of the country and its other work in Social Reform will prove of great value.

We shall attempt to condense for practical use, the most important statements made public of the work of social improvement or charity in Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy. But such papers as we publish in this attempt must be regarded as subsidiary to the great work of preventing pauperism, and in the end abolishing pauperism in the United States.

We shall always have to relieve each other's wants and shall always be glad to, while man is man. But there is no reason why such relief should create a permanent race of paupers. This journal is dedicated to the work of showing the distinction between Poverty and Pauperism.

LEND A HAND takes it for granted that those who read its pages have formed the desire to be of use to their fellow-men. It does not, therefore, discuss or present the religious inducements to such a desire, though these might come fairly within the range of a journal dedicated to organized philanthropy. It leaves such presentment and discussion to the pulpit and to the journals specially dedicated to the purposes of the several religious communions: sympathizing with the hopes of all, and willing and eager to share the fields of their activity.

We recognize the central fact that almost all the evils we contend against are fed by Intemperance, as they generally spring from Intemperance. We have the sympathy and coöperation of the leaders in the great National Temperance Societies, and, in our second number, shall publish articles by Miss Frances E. Willard and Mrs. J. Ellen Foster.

A UNITED STATES PRISON.

ANNA L. DAWES.

PRISONS or jails belonging to the United States itself are comparatively rare. The Census of 1880 mentions but four, and the last report of the Attorney-General submits statements from these four, one of them being the jail at Washington City. The country has a right to expect that these few prisons under the control of the government itself, supported by the nation and supervised by its own officers, shall be model institutions. We look to them for concrete examples of the latest discoveries in this direction. Penology is an exact science by this time, and some of its brightest triumphs have been achieved in our own land, while American adepts teach willing audiences from many countries. It is interesting, therefore, to see what the United States considers the best system. With all the resources of the nation behind her, and all the wisdom of her famous students of this awful science to guide her, we look anxiously for her conclusions. We ask what system has been adopted, what employment provided for her criminals, whether they work for the state or for contractors, how their day is arranged, what punishments are allowed.

Innumerable questions of interest to the student of social science immediately present themselves at the mention of a prison under the management and control of the United States government.

In the western part of the State of Arkansas, is located at the flourishing city of Fort Smith, one of the few prisons belonging to the United States. This large and growing town, in the midst of a beautiful region bordered by the Arkansas River, believes itself to be a coming centre of great industrial interests.

Already famous as the terminus of one celebrated railroad, it expects soon to be the meeting point of others, and to gather there much trade. Meanwhile it contains every facility for comfortable and luxurious living, and prides itself upon keeping abreast of the latest civilization. On the very borders of the Indian Territory, in its earlier days it was the depot of supplies for that vast reservation, and although its importance in that regard disappeared with the advent of the railroad which traverses the territory itself, it still retains the United States Court having jurisdiction over that region. Whatever crime against national law may be committed in a tract extending westward one hundred and fifty miles and embracing a belt of country two hundred miles wide, is tried in this court, and accordingly whatever arrest is made by a United States officer among its sixty thousand inhabitants, the criminal is brought to this place. It is easy to understand that the court is overloaded with business and its prison with criminals. The industrious and painstaking judge who sits on this bench is occupied, according to a recent statement of Mr. Garland, two hundred and ninety-seven days in the year, but the cases brought before him must still wait weeks and months for trial, so overburdened is the court. The jail is as full as the docket. Technically this place of detention is a jail, but though not a penitentiary, it partakes in some respects of the nature of a prison, as will be seen. Its population is most heterogeneous. Here come men of all ages, accused of the gravest crimes or of the most trifling offences. Here they await trial and here, in many cases, they suffer

punishment; a difficult situation needing most careful attention and most skilful arrangement, it would be said. What, then, has the United States done to supply the need? How is the prison arranged and situated? What system is employed?

The student of prisons and criminals must be particularly interested in this prison, so exceptional in its necessities and so unlimited in the opportunity for the best appliances and regulations.

The United States prison at Fort Smith consists of two rooms in the cellar of the government building, with no light except what comes from underground windows and no outside ventilation. In these two rooms were confined during the month of June, in this year, one hundred and nine prisoners; nine of them accused of murder, and two already convicted of that crime. This is the whole of the prison!

A fuller description of this extraordinary place, this piece of mediæval barbarity, only makes the horror worse. The government building is a relic of the old military post, occupied as such until within twenty years. It is a large, low Southern house, once the quarters of the commandant of the post, built of brick with stone foundations and surrounded by wide verandas. Its rooms are used by the court and for similar purposes, and its *cellar* is the United States jail. The brick partition which supports the upper stories is the sole and only division contained in this remarkable prison. Each of the rooms thus made, or cells as they are called, is fifty-five feet long and twenty-nine feet broad. Their height from floor to ceiling is at the utmost seven feet. The small windows which light this black hole are at each end *underneath* the wide verandas. At one end of the jail the guard-room is located in front of them, but these windows are larger than those at the opposite end, in the other room, being fully six feet by three. Of course the solid partition

between the two rooms prevents any draught. The climate at Fort Smith is that of interior Arkansas, a long, hot, dry summer, with the close atmosphere of a valley amongst low hills, without the Gulf breezes and lacking the strong winds of the open prairie. In early June the days were already stifling with heat, and the nights were only relieved by a warm breeze that blew off the river across the localities most favorably situated. The amount of such a breeze which would penetrate under the wide verandas of a Southern house into a crowded cellar, can be easily reckoned. Hoping to make the air more bearable, the flag-stones of the floor are constantly wet down and the noisome air is heavy with the rising steam and dampness.

Into these reeking holes are crowded criminals of every age and degree. The court has jurisdiction over all crimes committed between the white men on the reservation, against white men by Indians, against Indians by white men under certain conditions, and over all infringements of United States laws. Its prisoners are some of them full-blooded Indians, wild with all their savage passions and filthy beyond any Eastern conception; some are border ruffians who have lost none of their villainy, or their loathsomeness is losing the picturesqueness of a past day; some are the low-lived, mean and sneaking population who hover on the borders of this neutral country; some are hardened criminals of the worst type who have fled from the law of the "States" to seek refuge in the wilds of the Indian country; some are innocent boys brought here for a trifling theft; young men who, in a moment's rage, have broken the public peace; respectable tradesmen who have unwittingly infringed some stringent United States regulation about arms or liquor; innocent citizens accused by some revengeful neighbor and awaiting trial; outcasts whose crimes are beyond the possibility of mention; murderers who

have been caught, not in their first, but in their fifth or seventh murder. It is literally true that at Fort Smith all these persons are confined in the same room, the close, unventilated, wretched place already described. Nor are the prisoners limited to those awaiting trial. In the midst of the desperadoes, the villains and the murderers, are all those criminals already sentenced whose terms do not exceed a single year. Those sentenced to a longer term are sent to Michigan. Happy the convict whose crime is large, in the Indian Territory, for worse is a single year of Fort Smith than a cycle of Detroit!

Men who have been already convicted of murder are confined with the rest. There is absolutely nothing to hinder their free communication with their fellows. Five men are hanged at once in Fort Smith sometimes. At present there are nine men accused of murder in these two rooms, free to influence their companions, and like all the rest of their associates without the slightest check upon their opportunity to teach their horrid lore to young and old. The laws of the United States in regard to Indian reservations are very strict. No liquors may be sold in them, for instance, or carried there for sale, or given away. The temptation to break this regulation seems almost irresistible, by reason of the enormous profits resulting from such illicit trading, and often it happens that the man breaking this law is as young in years as in crime. Lads who have committed small thefts are also in this prison to-day, side by side with men under indictment for the most dastardly outrages known to justice. The average number in confinement is seventy-eight, and in June of this year, as has been said, the number had risen to one hundred and nine.

The only opportunity for washing given to this multitude of men, is the single sink in each cell. There are no baths, only now and then some more fortunate

prisoner is allowed the use of a coal-oil barrel sawed in two, this primitive wash-tub being the best that is afforded by the government to this institution. The perplexed officials have tried many expedients to relieve the foulness of the place. The single bucket which serves the convenience of this considerable population is placed in a closet in the chimney, that the odors may be carried off through the only method of ventilation known to this jail. The prisoners spend their time as suits themselves. No work is possible. To relieve the tedium of the slow days, a mock court is held and men are tried for such offences as spitting upon the floor, and, on conviction, are sentenced to sweep it. Recently one poor wretch suffered such an accumulation of sentences of this nature that he appealed to the court up-stairs! The wooden cots and blankets which constitute the beds are put one side during the day, or serve as seats. When feeding time comes the rations are pushed through a slide in the door, and one after another these miserable beings retire to some corner like dogs, to eat their portion. In the matter of exercise a regular routine is kept up. The prisoners divide themselves into squads which march up and down the room at intervals; but be their stay there long or short, they see no ray of sunlight, they breathe no single breath of outside air.

This dark, crowded, underground hole is noisome with odors of every description, dirty beyond description, horrible with all horrors,—a veritable hell upon earth. What must it be for the sick? Impossible as it seems to credit the fact, the sick and the wounded must live in these same rooms! There is no other provision for them, there is no other place where they can be put. There is "no refuge from the wild and ungovernable men around them," no relief from the close air, the eating and drinking and sleeping. It completes the picture to

remember that small-pox is a disease very common to the Indian.

It should be made evident that for this state of things the people of Fort Smith are in no way responsible. It is a United States prison, and they have no more control over it than they have over the Capitol at Washington. They would welcome any attempt on the part of the government to remove this plague spot, and substitute a suitable and decent jail. Nor are the officers to be charged with neglect or blindness. They do all that in them lies to remedy the evils, they make the best of the matter with no little thought and labor and painstaking. But here are the prisoners and here are the accommodations provided for them by the United States government.

There is no question, shameful though the conclusion be, where the blame lies. The worst fact in the whole disgraceful series, is the fact that the national government knows all about this horror. It cannot even plead ignorance, for the report of the United States Marshal in

October, 1884, to the Department of Justice* contains a full statement of the matter, with all the particulars, the statistics and a diagram of the prison. What was done about it? In June, 1885, nothing had been done about it. There was no lack of money in the United States Treasury, for we had changed administrations on the ground of a surplus, and at this very town, the government was just then selling the three hundred acres which surrounded the original fort. There was no lack of facilities, for Fort Smith is large and well-equipped and situated on a great railway, and the officers for its court are able and distinguished. There was no lack of knowledge on the subject in a country which possesses such experts as Brinkerhoff, and Brockway, and Wayland, and a score of others like them, and in which prison conferences are annual occurrences.

What excuse has the government of the United States to offer for the existence and continuance of this scandal?

*Report Attorney-General, 1884, p. 143.

LOOK UP.

Look up and not down; look out and not in; look forward and not back; and lend a hand.

Look up, my soul, not down;
God's face will smile, not frown.
Look out, my heart, not in;
To doubt Christ were a sin.
Look not still behind,
O troubled mind;
Forward! Thyself forget;
Pay thou the debt
Of love which thou dost owe
To all men, friend and foe.
Trust God, whate'er betide,
†Faith, Love and Hope thy guide,
And Heaven thy sure reward.
Till then,
Praise thou the Lord,
Amen!

JOSEPH A. TORREY.

† Faith looks upward; Hope forward; Love outward, and lends a hand.

LEND A HAND, FOR "PAIN IS NOT THE FRUIT OF PAIN."

BY MRS. ANNIE FIELDS.

THERE are vague ideas floating about in the public mind as to what we mean when we talk of "Associated Charities" or "Organized Charity."

One person, when these words are used, immediately thinks of an office with many desks where information can be found about poor people, and another instantly remembers certain public meetings held on week-days, where a variety of subjects connected with political economy or sometimes a short sermon may be heard, and a third has no thought of anything beyond the help of a kind of chief visitor or agent in behalf of the poor, who represents for that person all the "charities" at once. It is hard to find in the general mind any hint of the true significance of "associated charities;" as difficult, indeed, as it proved to an early enthusiast to find one of the branch offices. This friend started one morning and crossed the city to an outlying district, full in the faith that the chief interest of the place centred in the charity office, and, therefore, no address was necessary.

When the truth began to dawn upon him that this was only *one* of the interests of the locality, he adopted a form of enlightenment which proved of value. He opened a running fire of questions up and down the district, which were a kind of walking advertisement.

In and out of shops darted our friend, expressing at every turn a courteous surprise that the little world had not informed itself more accurately as to its chief interest, until shopkeepers, dressmakers, strollers, persons of every degree and capacity were told without delay or mistake that such a place was in existence and was an object of importance to somebody.

It would be helpful if some such simple means could be found for disseminating ideas, but the road to reform was always one that led up hill and over a stony road, and it has not yet changed its direction.

The meaning of Associated or Organized Charity is simply this,—that men and women are trying to take hands in a large circle to hedge about the unfortunate with loving care and to keep them from the evil of the world. Their methods are moral as distinguished from physical; that is, if a man wants bread he must first be fed and afterward shown how he may earn his own bread in future for himself. In short, the work of the Associated Charities is to interest the people of this "great, intelligent, sensual, avaricious America," in the well-being and education of their poor neighbors, oftentimes the drift of Europe, who stagnate in our cities and who, with the semblance of men and women, are yet as undeveloped mentally, morally and spiritually, as if they did not possess the germ of continuous being, but were to fall like the leaves, and insects and animals, back into the bosom of the earth. Unlike the dumb creation, however, these people influence the atmosphere of humanity around them for evil or for good. For evil when they are left unguided, unguarded, un-befriended in a strange land which offers them every sensual opportunity, but which does not even enforce its own laws in their behalf. For good, when by oversight, by sympathy, compulsion, the first step is taken into a higher development.

For instance, we have a law for compulsory education. If every visitor to the poor would see to it that the children of

the family he wishes to befriend were sent to school, that visitor would have done a work far more beneficent than any material gifts could possibly effect. By "school," I do not mean simply our public schools, such as they stand at this present writing, which in spite of the great expenditure, do not always reach the heart of the subject, but the schools as they are supplemented, and such as in the near future we trust they will become. At present we take a shallow vessel in one hand, that is the undeveloped brain, and a huge jug in the other, full of rudimentary learning, and we pour out hurriedly into the shallow vessel until everything spills over and runs to waste.

Let us take the little child in future from its possibly ignorant, filthy, careless mother, as soon as it can walk the length of the street alone, and give it three hours daily in the kindergarten, where during that time it will be made clean, will enjoy light, color, order, music and the sweet influence of a loving and self-controlled voice.

This is what we mean by "school" to begin with, and, to continue, we mean a place where children do not learn to despise their hard-working parents and aspire chiefly to become poor teachers with poorer health, but one where the rudiments of a good intellectual education are combined with those of manual development.

I have said that the first and prime business, the significance in short, of the words "Associated Charities," is to interest well-to-do people in behalf of their poorer neighbors. The old way, the

feudal system, the flinging down as to a dog what we do not want, the poor-law system, by which we allow ourselves to be taxed that the money may buy food for the helpless poor, is proved to be all wrong, all harmful, all deteriorating, and ending in beggary on one side, and selfish extravagance on the other.

Therefore, Associated or Organized Charity is a Reform; one reaching far and wide, and leaving like spring "no corner of the land untouched." None are too high and none too low to be beyond the circle of its influence. It asks every well-to-do family to accept the charge of some unfortunate family outside of its own responsibilities, remembering that we all have relatives or dependents upon our physical bounty, but asking for these, God's poor, something higher, that is, a care for their development.

Of the rich, "associated charity" asks the support of offices and agents where visitors can meet together and consult upon methods of relief; the support of private relief societies, loan funds, and the like; and of society in general it asks sympathy and coöperation.

May the "remnant" of just men and good women in our country be large enough and strong enough to guide and hold in check this "great, intelligent, sensual, avaricious America."

Of the details of this reform and how it works in individual cases something may perhaps be related in a future number of LEND A HAND.

SOCIAL QUESTIONS IN THE LIGHT OF THE SOCIAL ORGANISM.

BY JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS.

THE Germans have a saying to this effect: "What a man (in Sociology) can't explain he calls 'organism.'"

Social Organism is one of the modern quiddities which conceals quite as much ignorance as did any wordy quibble among the scholastics.

The future savant will doubtless make merry at the expense of our great scientific names for their use of terms behind which is no fact.

When Lotze showed that "vitality" threw no light whatever upon the meaning of life, but served only to cover up what men were looking for, it was said that he had buried the last of the quiddities. If he did, it was in a most fertile soil, for we already have a new crop, proving the vitality and perhaps the necessity of terms that shall make man seem to himself a little wiser than he is.

Such terms appear often to create the kind of delusion, which has been as real a part of man's inspiration as the sober fact.

Special German criticism is beginning its pitiless work upon Mr. Spencer, who has said so much of organism.

Large portions of his work bearing upon this conception of the social and cosmic whole, are found to be as full of terms which correspond to no conceivable fact, as could be found in an equal number of pages in Aquinas.

This is probably true, and yet, in Spencer's method of dealing with these great themes, we have a most effectual mechanism of philosophical research, acting powerfully upon a multitude of readers. "Social Organism" is giving rise to innumerable terms, standing for no fact, and yet, they help to relate us very direct-

ly to problems which it is our duty and safety to study.

One need only look at such writers as Lillienfeld, Schäffle, Huxley and Spencer and see how profound a difference there is in their respective conceptions of this organism, to be quite sure that their analogies only approximate roughly to the truth, and yet they all help us, both to look and to feel with the kind of earnest intensity which tends to relate us more directly and more hopefully to the whole of which we are a part.

We lose that dangerous sense of separateness which characterizes many of the worst phases of individualism. Organism implies vividly that union of sensitive parts which appeals powerfully to the imagination.

When we realize that the chief ethical problem is, how to increase the volume of human sympathy that moves the will to *do* what it knows ought to be done,—when we realize that the imagination, the power of putting oneself in another's place,—is that through which this all-needed sympathy grows strong, we shall put new value upon that which renders such rare service.

These figures, playing upon the picturing faculty of the mind, increase that delicacy of feeling, that quick susceptibility to pain which has had such rapid growth in the last generation.

We will forgive even quiddities if they will thus work for us.

It is not only that we have actually grown more sensitive, but the idea of a social whole helps us to see, as never before, the real unity that underlies our life. Our intelligence, under this new influence, has grown alert to seek every

where effects of this vast and subtle inter-action. Social morality is gaining a depth and solemnity of meaning that it never possessed.

Proofs of this hopeful change may be seen in many directions. Everywhere is springing up a new fear of all careless meddling with social questions.

The past is being studied in a new spirit and with new results.

The effects of an undisciplined benevolence are seen to be as desolating as the pest. Sociology gives us indeed evidences of a kind that no one can grow to appreciate without feeling that his relation to society is weighted with responsibility which changes the whole meaning of life. Some illustrations may aid us to see this.

In the south of England it is now found that one reason why wages are lower than in the north is, that the very fibre of character among the laborers was so weakened by the exceptionally loose administration there of the Poor Law, as not yet to have recovered such energy as to enable it to compete successfully with its less spoiled comrade in the north. The doles were so given as to make the unfittest survive. Where in England most was given, the evils have lasted longest and proved most difficult to overcome.

In certain Cathedral towns where large sums of money were left by the pious to be given in charity, an actual lowering of physical and moral stamina can be traced. It is now claimed in England that certain dangerous results begin to appear among the working classes from the free dispensing of medicines, and much of the gratuitous hospital relief.

It begins to be acknowledged by some of the most earnest friends of Trade Unions that, in spite of their legitimate work and the vast good which they have unquestionably wrought, some most dangerous evils to society are now showing themselves.

Building Unions may, for example,

very considerably raise the wages of their own numbers, but the distant evil is, that other laborers have to pay these extra wages. The Union tampers with a law of social relations that has a stubbornness about it, not unlike a law of nature. Wages are not regulated by the resolutions of such a body. They follow ways of their own, the conditions of which we have to learn. *After* this, we may compel, and change only by our obedience. The very class of laborers that most need a home are prevented by a rise of rent, and extra cost of building which such action of the Union brings about.

See how cruel a blow the poor are struck, when a Union succeeds by artificial means in "raising wages." Capital does not pay a penny for this, as the Unions maintained, but the consumer. Well-to-do buyers are not sufferers, but the whole host of poor in the English towns, to whom life is so dire a struggle and coal an absolute necessity—these have to add to a burden already crushing.

This far-off but sure effect is beginning to be seen by the more intelligent Unionists themselves.

It grows daily more certain that such action strikes not at the strong, whom it would little injure, but at the weak.

Professor Jevons says of the Printers' Union, that the higher wages that they force only result at last in making knowledge, to those that need it most, just so much more difficult,—“the excess is paid in every book and newspaper, hindering the diffusion of knowledge.”

Every false step in the social question, each blunder as well as each villainy, hurts at last the most helpless members of society.

Adulteration still goes on, but in English towns the better classes can easily use the law for their own defence, as government has made it possible for such to put all questionable foods to a test, but in the thousands of petty markets in the poorest parts of the great cities, the law

has practically no existence because of the ignorant and generally helpless condition of the poor. Here bread is sold with such intermixture of prepared rice that, in hot weather, it takes on a fungus within a few hours. Here go the fruits, vegetables and meats so tainted that they can nowhere else be sold. Thus

"The poverty of the poor is their destruction."

No leaf of pure tea; no ounce of pure coffee. Milk is watered to almost any extent and then thickened with lime and some fatty substance.

Stopford Brooke pronounces these evils to be so serious as to demand immediate interference of the state. When we remember what such a state of things means, not only to the eaters, but to their offspring and thus to society, we see the meaning of that terrible law through which all bungling with social questions, all mistakes and sins alike, while harming all, fall most heavily upon the weak.

These illustrations indicate the kind of work we have now before us: to study and explain those interdependencies of part on part; knowing that every error we make, be the motive never so high and unselfish, will revenge itself upon the innocent, and that with a cruelty of result which is as much a mystery as the origin of evil.

Our private feelings as to what might be, or ought to be, are shocked by the hardness of these social laws as science states their limits and conditions.

We hear of "starvation wages" among match-box makers, sewing women and the like, and the finest sympathies we possess grow hot with hatred against the selfishness that permits such things to be. We can hardly help personifying the causes of such suffering. The very intensity of our blame leads us to fix upon individuals and classes as the instigators of such wrongs.

Now, the part which man's selfishness plays here is such as to justify no little

indignation, yet we have to learn that causes far deeper than any conscious schemes of men are at work in these ills that excite us most.

Many of these most pitiful situations, like that of the sewing woman, are to the social organism what pain is to the body; a sign that we must change our manner of life.

When steam revolutionized the markets of the world, one of its first results was to transfer mills from the country water-courses to the large towns. Was any man to blame for this? It brought in its train a score of the most wasting ills with which reformers are struggling now in England.

It threw millions from the country into cities, where prices rose, attracting thus such fatal increase of numbers as to create a competition among the laborers, which is a struggle for existence as full of tragedy and pathos as any in nature. The causes here were not of man's making.

As children knock the chair about against which they stumble, so ignorant laborers grew furious against machines and broke thousands of them in pieces. It is only one remove more intelligent to throw all blame upon men for many of these hard things. The same nature which sends the cyclone and the drought, sends much of this social suffering, and only as we slowly learn the laws which control the movement of masses in society shall we do other than harm to those whom we would help.

Not once but a thousand times in London, the attention of the benevolent has been called to the misery caused by some such over-supply in the market. Men hastily resolve to "do something." They reinforce their gifts, lower rents by artificial means, or in the same way raise wages.

Notice, among many evils thus set on foot, this: to secure these advantages of charity, so many others come that the immediate cause of the suffering (compe-

tition) is at once increased in such way as to aggravate every mischief and intensify the suffering among the feeblest, for whom competition was already too strong.

There is plenty of evidence of a very special kind of this cruelty of unguided kindness. The wretched housing of the poor attracts much attention. Swift human impulses, that cannot wait for the slower and more certain way, resolve at once to "clear away the old sties; put up a decent building with rents *corresponding to the necessities*."

One who should seek to rid himself of a cancer by forcing the poison back through the whole system instead of having it removed, would deal as wisely with himself as he who acts upon so deadly a misconception as is contained in the words, "with rents corresponding to the necessities."

More wretched victims are drawn to London by rents regulated, not after their own nature, but by clumsy devices. These "decent buildings" swell that competing mass, only to intensify every terror of an over-crowded market;—crowding down yet lower the poorest and weakest of the population.

Social science is now gathering up the evidences of such mistaken charity. It seeks to classify its facts in such way as to give us an intelligent principle of action. It seeks the law of these social relations, certain that in finding them, it finds the only sure way to the welfare of the whole.

Will such knowledge move the will to act?

This is often denied, but such denial forgets that increase of susceptibilities which is peculiar to our modern life.

Recent years have shown a degree of unselfish heroism among English labor organizations that gives hope of even more than this.

When they have clearly learned that a given line of action produces misery

among their fellows, though it is late and far off, they have been swift to act according to that sense of fair and equal dealing which is so deep an instinct among Anglo-Saxons.

A recent letter of Thomas Hughes giving an account of the laborers in the Cobden Mills, at Labden, illustrates the great changes that have taken place in the last generation in the workmen's capacity to realize in action a far higher ideal of Social Ethics than the earlier history of the labor movement affords.

These mills were suffering so seriously, like most of those with limited capital, that the workmen "meet and offer an advance of £2,000, which sum they will themselves borrow from the clubs of which they are members." This sum they mean to pay by giving one week's work in every quarter, to enable their employers to carry on successfully the work. Mr. Hughes adds, "So far as I am aware, this of the Cobden Mills is the first example of a body of work-people appreciating the position and attitude of their employers and coming frankly forward to take their share of the burden of these bad times."

These men were not, however, more moral in their intentions than many others. They had been taught a larger conception of their social relations. Seeing these, they rose to meet the implied duty.

The whole history of English Trade Unions is filled with splendid moral action only its range has been painfully narrow.

It is the claim of the "New Morality" that there is already in human nature a strength of fellow-feeling that will respond to just such motives as these which actual social relationships are capable of inspiring when these relationships are adequately stated. The ethics of the older economy which identified my private interest with the interest of society and saw its gain only in my gain is certain to pass away.

Already it begins to yield to the morality which recognizes the necessity of many sacrifices on the part of the individual.

That it may be best for all, the one must often suffer losses.

This is only rising to a law of duty which in asking, How much can I get?

also asks, knowing it to be the nobler, How much can I give?

The whole conception of the Social Organism is helping us to realize something of this Christian law that works under the inspiration of a sympathy and duty that are their own reward.

A TALK IN A TENEMENT HOUSE.

“*Mein Cecile.*”

BY M. V. M.

THE room in which we sat was but the merest closet, lighted by a single pane of glass, yet here a woman lived; here she slept, and ate, and earned her scanty living by the use of her needle.

She had a strong, grand head, and carried it with the air of a princess. As she talked, her dark eyes glowed, and she accompanied her picturesque speech, too imperfectly reproduced in this true sketch, with rapid and expressive gestures.

“Yes, I am alone now, but not always, not always! *Mein Cecile* is the last. I am born in the sunrise, and that is how I can see so long ways. When I look at *mein Cecile* as she grow so tall, so fair, so pure, all like a lily, I say to myself, ‘God love her too much to let her stay by me: she must go to live by Him.’ Then my heart ache and ache so bad that sometimes my eyes get wet, and I make a little sigh, and *mein Cecile* come and put her arms round and say, ‘Mamma, why do you not smile and be happy?’ and I say, ‘Darly, mamma is old woman: she smile not all times like foolish young girls.’ And then she pat my cheek and say, ‘Foolish mamma, to call herself old woman,’ and run away.”

“Was she your youngest child?”

“Oh, she is not my own born child. God gif her to me when she is two year

old. She haf nobody, and a good woman whose man is away at sea, and who haf no little child, take the pretty baby to keep. But when the man come home from the ship, he say, ‘I want not other folks’ child,’ for he haf not good heart like his wife, and she cry and say, ‘What shall I do with my little girl?’ and then I say quick, ‘She shall stay by me,’ and I take her away; oh, so glad I got her!”

“But you had children of your own, had you not?”

“Yes, I haf *mein Henrich* and *mein Elsa*, but this is not same. God speak in my heart, and He say, ‘This is my little child. Take her for Me.’”

“*Heinrich* and *Elsa* were His children, too.”

“Yes, yes; you do not understand good, and I know not how to say it. *Mein Cecile*, she draw at my heartstrings. She is born of my heart, is it not?”

“Well, she is my little girl, and I work so hard, but all the days smile because I haf God’s little girl in my house.

“Then she grow and I send her to school, and she learn all things. Her teachers call her wonderful child, so sweet, so good, so quick with the books, and the piano playing and all things, and I smile and say to myself, ‘That is not strange: she is God’s little girl,’ and way

down in my heart, I say, 'And mine!' and I feel so proud and glad! Oh, it is great things when God send a little girl like mein Cecile!"

"But was it not great things when God sent your Elsa?" questioned the visitor, who felt a little jealous for the seemingly slighted children of this singular mother.

"Oh, yes. Mein Elsa is good, smart girl. She learn well at the school, and she learn work well, but she is not all same. She look not into the heavens like mein Cecile." And she who was born in the sunrise sat silent for a little space, gazing off beyond her bit of a room, as if she, too, were looking into the heavens.

And who knows but she did? For she came back to her story with a smile upon her lips and a tender tone in her voice, which must have had birth in the skies.

"And so she grow and grow, always more tall and more beautiful. Mein Elsa, she marry with a man, and go away far from her old mother, and mein Heinrich he put on best clothes and look after girls, but mein Cecile, she say, 'Mamma, I stay by you all times. I work so hard, and some days we haf sweet little home,' and I say to her, 'Go 'way! You haf husband some days, and then you care not for old mamma.' That make her blue eyes full of tears, and she say, 'No husband will ever take me from the mamma that God gif to me.'

"But now she begin to come home from work so tired, always so tired. I say, 'You are sick, darly,' and she say, 'No, mamma. I little tired, that is all. I will take a long sleep, and then I am well.' And every day she grow pale, but she smile and sing to make me think it is nothing, but I know, I know! for when I tell it all to God, and ask Him if He will take His little child back to Him now, He let me know what He will do."

And again silence fell upon us, broken at last by the question, "I should like to know how He told you."

"Ah! He tell me not anything, but He let me see."

"Can you not tell what you saw?"

"I haf not words; only it is Love, pure Love! There is much flowers; oh, so lovely flowers, and many, many faces, all fair and pure with happy smiles, and such light, such light! But back of all is the Love, and that I cannot tell, but I know it make all the light, and the smiles, and the flowers, and when God gif it to me to see, I know He is going to take mein Cecile!

"Then I ask Him to take her quick and easy so she will not suffer, for I love her so, and soon she say to me, 'Mamma, I go not now to my work, for I so tired,' and then she sit by the window and sew a little, and she smile much and speak very sweet. Sometime she sit still long time and look, look, look! I think if she see Pure Love, and so one day I ask her, 'Darly, what do you look at all times?' 'Oh, mamma,' she say, 'I must not tell you; you say I am out my head.' But I say, 'No, darly, you must tell me.' Then she smile and speak very low: 'I see many, many flowers and sweet faces, all happy smiling, where the flowers are. And I am not out my mind. You must not think so.' 'No, darly,' I say, 'it is all true. You haf see the flowers and the faces, and I haf see them too,' and that make her much pleasure."

"Did you call a doctor to see her?"

"Oh, yes, and he say she haf grow too fast, and she haf not enough earth life. He tell me to gif her wine, but he say she will go soon, and I know he say true.

"So she is always more tired, and it come Friday, and that day her teacher from the Sunday School come to see her, and she say, 'Oh, Cecile! why do you not make me know that you are sick? I miss you, but I think you haf gone away little while. When I know you are sick, I come to see you, and bring you many things to make you better.'

"But mein Cecile say quick, 'I am not sick, and I need not any things.'

"Oh, yes!" the kind lady make answer, 'I bring you wine, and jelly, and flowers, and a soft, soft bed to lie upon.'

"I haf good bed," mein Cecile say. 'Jesus had not so good bed as I. Jesus had not wine, and jelly, and flowers. No, I want not nice things.'

"Then the lady cry, and when she go away she say to me, 'I come in the morning and bring nice things for the angel girl.'

"When I go back I say, 'Darly, why do you tell the lady not to bring you good things? She haf good heart, and that make her glad to bring things.'

"Why, mamma, dear mamma! I haf all things," she say, and when I look at her I think she haf. By and by she say to me, 'Mamma, now I will take a long sleep, and first I will make myself all clean. So bring me water and towels, and clean, white clothes,' and I say to myself, 'She will make ready to go forth and meet the Bridegroom,' and I do what she say.

"When she is ready, she say, 'Mamma, may I lie down to rest on your bed?' And I say yes. Then she lie down and fold her pretty white hands, so, and say, 'Now I will take a long sleep.'

"Soon I go and look at her. She sleep so sweet, and a little smile is on her lips, and she look like she watch and wait for something.

"When my work is done, I come and sit by her. Soon she open her eyes and smile and say, 'Mamma, I haf not yet my long sleep. Now I will lie on my own bed, and then I will sleep again.' I say, 'Darly, stay in mamma's bed. You sleep better there.'

"But she speak quick, 'No! I want my mamma to lie in her own bed and rest.'

"And then she go to her bed and lie down so calm, and shut her eyes.

"Now she sleep till two o'clock in morning, and I sit still and say over and over, 'God take her easy!'

"When she wake, she say, 'I haf much sleep, but not yet the long sleep.' And when I gif her wine she say, 'There was no one to gif Jesus wine.'

"Soon she cry out, 'Mamma! I haf much pain.' And I hold her and stroke away the pain, so; and then she smile in my face all like an angel, and say, 'God bless mamma,' and she sleep again.

"So the pain it come and go; I stroke it away, and when she speak once more, she say, 'God—bless—mamma!' this time so slow, and then she sleep again long whiles.

"So it come sunrise, and then mein Cecile open wide her blue eyes, and smile and say, 'God—love—mamma,' and then she go far, far away, and so I have my heart-child no more. But God haf her. He *must* haf her, because He love her so, and I haf great fate that some day I haf her again; God is good!"

She looked around her little dark closet with a kind of affectionate pride.

"See what good home He gif me! After mein Cecile go away, I am sick long time, and then, when I am better, I am no more strong to do hard work. I can only make sew, and that bring little money.

"I ask God to gif me shelter, and He send me here, and this is very nice. Jesus had not good, clean whole room like this. He 'had not where to lay his head!' When I have mein Cecile, we go sometimes to Central Park, and see the green grass and trees, and we take hold hands, and walk and talk, oh, so happy! But now, see! this is my Central Park," and she opened the little outer door, into which a single pane of glass had been set, and displayed her Central Park. It was a square court, perhaps fifteen feet each way, with the walls of tenement houses rising up on each side. The debris had been recently removed, for it

was made a convenient receptacle for old hats, shoes, tin cans, and odds and ends generally, flung from tenement windows, and some pale blades of grass were struggling for a living, while in one corner, an unhappy-looking tree flaunted such little green banner as it could muster heart to display.

And this it was upon which she looked with loving pride, as she devoutly ex-

claimed, "Oh, God is so good! He is wonderful."

A talk in a tenement is not always so unique, so faith-inspiring, so love-giving as was this, but human hearts are found in all these dark places that love, and give, and suffer, and grow strong, and whoever is privileged to meet one such human heart, receives far more than can possibly be given.

CHARITY ORGANIZATION SOCIETY OF BUFFALO.

BY NATHANIEL S. ROSENAU.

THE Charity Organization Society of Buffalo will close the eighth year of its work on the 31st day of December, of this year. It was organized on December 22, 1877, by an enthusiastic little band led by the Rev. S. Humphreys Gurteen, who may justly be called the father of Charity Organization in America. Since that time it has had the ups and downs to which nearly all such societies are subject, but it has always carried out its allotted plan of work, and, in one direction, at least, that of the city poor relief, its labors have had a large measure of success.

At present, the society maintains for registration and investigation, two district offices, each of which employs an investigating agent, a clerk and an errand boy. These offices are dependent for support on the board of trustees of the society. The plan of having the district committees raise their own funds was adopted at first, but afterwards abandoned.

The main efforts of the society are directed now, as they always have been, to the restriction of the out-door relief distributed by the city poor department. What has been accomplished in this direction is best illustrated by the expenditures of this bureau of our local govern-

ment. In 1877, the year before the C. O. S. was organized, the overseer of the poor distributed, in out-door relief, the sum of \$95,091.40. Since 1877 the population of Buffalo has gained largely. It is nearly, if not quite, two-thirds more than it was in that year, yet the expenditure for the same purpose in 1884 was less than \$35,000, despite the fact of the unusual destitution of the poor people during the last winter.

The endowment of property valued at \$300,000, including a magnificent fire-proof building, received by the society from Mr. Benjamin Fitch will, in a few years, when the income is available, be a great source of help to the society, by enabling it to establish a number of provident schemes. The society has at present in operation a *crèche* or day nursery, which has been eminently successful, a provident dispensary, a provident wood yard, bureaus of employment for working women, and a coal savings fund. It has also had placed at its disposal within a few months a trained nurse for work among the poor, who has already accomplished so much that another will shortly be added to the service.

As regards the various other features of its work the condition of the society

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may be expressed briefly, as follows: Moral public support, very good; financial public support, fair; friendly visitation, very weak; coöperation of churches, poor; coöperation of societies, fair.

Aside from the reduction of the expenditures of the city poor department the work of the Charity Organization Society of Buffalo is in no direction more apparent than in the state of public opinion toward the giving of public relief. The society has here performed a work of education which must be of lasting benefit to the community. Its work in the repression of street and door-to-door begging has consequently been so successful that hardly any of the beggar pests of society can be found on our streets. The public, generally, understand that no able-bodied person should be given money without rendering an equivalent in labor.

and so strongly has this sentiment obtained that last winter, almost without the asking, a fund of more than twelve hundred dollars was placed in the hands of the society to be used in giving artificial employment as relief.

A society that has accomplished this much may look back on its past with pride and satisfaction. Yet it has covered but the repressive side of its work. The far greater field of the prevention of pauperism still remains almost unbroken. To plough this, to sow in it the seeds of a better and a higher life is now the mission of the Charity Organization Society. It is gradually working in this direction, and with the sinews of war that will be at its disposal in a short time from the Fitch Trust, it hopes to accomplish as much in prevention as it has accomplished in repression.

“FOR THE LOVE OF CHRIST AND IN HIS NAME.”

WATCHWORD OF THE WALDENSES.

Land of our love, thy daughters meet
In love and worship at the feet
Of Christ, the Lord of lands, to claim
Redemption for thee in His name.

The ceaseless tide of human souls
From either sea that o'er thee rolls
Grows dark with ignorance and shame,
We ask redemption in His name.

Thy simple children of the sun,
From bitter bonds so dearly won,
Stretch forth their hands with us, and claim
A new redemption in His name.

For homes of poverty and woe
Where love upon the hearth burns low;
For holy childhood, born to shame,
We ask redemption in His name.

Lord over all, as through the years
We plant with joy, or sow with tears,
Help us to serve, 'mid praise or blame,
“For love of Christ, and in His name!”

M. A. LATHBURY.

WHAT SHALL WE DO FOR THE POOR?

BY D. O. KELLOGG.

CURIOUS and unexpected results attend the ways in which the community treats its poor. They are too often a solid mass, on which the changes of manners and the progress of civilization seem to make little impression, yet, if their condition be looked narrowly into, it will be found to reflect, like a dull mirror, the spirit in which those who possess the intelligence and control the resources of society act towards them. This is the fact which makes hopeful the new methods of dealing with the depressed and dependent which particularly characterize what is called Charity Organization. Rather it should be said that this movement is not so much the advocacy of defined methods as it is the embodiment of a spirit which is bent on finding out effective methods. Its associations cannot and do not claim the credit of discovering how to mend the faults and secure the welfare of those who have stumbled or sunk to the ground in life's journey, for if they did they would usurp the honors of workers in the field long before they were thought of. Indeed, had there not been numerous lines of predecessors like Edward Denison, in London; Sylvain Bailly, in Paris; Von der Heydt, in Elberfeld; Chalmers, in Glasgow, like John Howard and Elizabeth Fry, Charity Organization now would be impracticable. It is nourished by a wide diffusion of thought and experience slowly wrought into nutrient form through the community. A tree cannot grow from seed-planting alone. It must have plant-food, fine and soluble, lying where its rootlets can burrow to it, and floating humid in the air where its leaves can bathe in it. The verdureless basins of Utah, Nevada,

and Arizona, are full of plant-food. It places it encrusts the earth with crystal sheets that glisten like snow in the sun but it is not prepared for the use of vegetation, until it has gone through mechanical and chemical changes it can build no plants. So Charity Organization exists because others began long ago to break up the sterile soil of bad social states and to change sympathies and opinions which were harsh through ignorance and inexperience into the fine nutrient mold of wise and vast schemes. Among its more striking characteristics are these: it has rooted itself in the approbation and active support of those, who by study or by experience are most familiar with the causes of human misery. It represents a spirit and a duty rather than a set of axioms or forms, and it perceives that the strong, the prosperous and the generous need conversion to new ideas of responsibility before any great or permanent inroads can be made upon the moral and physical wretchedness which obtrudes itself upon our streets and at our doors. Kind hearts and untaught minds make rash hands.

"Doing good" has too long seemed an easy thing requiring a kind intention rather than instruction and experience, and, doubtless, that is why so much benevolent effort has been unfruitful. It would be strange indeed, if the world's chief business, that of forging out strong, disciplined characters and of lifting men into the plane of worthy action, could be accomplished without information or skill, when long training is found requisite to fit a lad for the counting-room or the shop. If there be any one change in the ideas of thoughtful people, more

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marked and general than another, it is spread of the feeling that life goes on under the "reign of law." There is no field of action left to chance, and experience is only valuable as it discovers the order in which events follow acts. When one has found out this order, which is seldom revealed to luck, but is attainable everywhere by patience and study, one becomes capable of accomplishing real ends.

Emerson draws the picture of a man who has got into correspondence with the order of nature,—

"So did Grey betimes discover
Fortune was his guard and lover,—
In strange junctures felt, with awe,
His own symmetry with law ;

So that no mixture could withstand
The virtue of his lucky hand.
He gold or jewel could not lose,
Nor not receive his ample dues."

Conscious of the need of experience and mutual instruction, Lord Litchfield and Sir John Trevelyan, with their friends, united in 1869 in a new Society, and, to express the purpose they had in view, they called it the "Society for Organizing Charitable Relief and Rerpressing Mendicancy." Their example was soon followed in the United States, and their association rapidly spread its branches over the cities of Great Britain. There are now in America nearly fifty such societies extending from Portland, Maine, on the North and East, through the chief cities of the land to Kansas City in the West, and New Orleans in the South. They bear different names, but whether the title be "Charity Organization," or "Associated Charities," or "Bureau of Charities," all of them aim at expressing the same fact, namely : that their first field of operations and their first aim are to bring together for counsel and mutual helpfulness, those who support or direct the work of alleviating or curing the evils of poverty, whether that

poverty be material, social, or moral. It was a union conceived that so might the

"Lord of large experience train
To riper growth the mind and will ;—

an association where

"One that loves, but knows not, reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows."

At the incorporation of such an idea into a charitable society, we have reached a mile-stone on the road to the goal of real assistance to those who halt or have sunken out of society. It is somewhat of a new thing to say to the cultured, the influential, the religious world, "You are the objects of solicitude in this new scheme of charity. You need conversion and disciplining, or your heedless hands are impotent." Here is a Charity Society, the first aim of which is to touch the wretched through the prosperous ; the rude, through the polite ; the degraded through the law-makers and law-keepers. That surely is a new idea worth pondering.

Of the necessity for this idea there are abundant proofs. The fact that in the metropolitan districts of London, there are spent upon the poor \$24,000,000 of money annually, raised by taxation or by organized institutions, to which are to be added the alms given by private hands, and that there poverty is still strenuous and persistent, is proof that something is wrong in the administration of those vast sums. That 470 churches, 32 institutions under the control of the city authorities and 326 organizations for charity administered by private citizens, witness in New York, year after year, the same huge bulk of pauperism is proof of failure somewhere. If a child remain year after year in the same school form, conning the same page, it would be no unfair conclusion that there was some fault in the mode of teaching. So if the same pensioners stay on the church list year in and year out, if the same families beg

each winter at the gate, it is not unreasonable to think they have never had the kind of assistance they require. The thing that ought to be done for them has not been done, or they would not be in the same condition so long.

Let the reader ask himself what proportion of those whom he has helped to coal or clothing, or of those whom he has known to be on the church lists, or to have been helped by the overseer of the poor, or to have begged or been in an almshouse, have got above being helped, and are prosperous even in a humble way. "Tis a long lane that has no turning," says the familiar proverb; and such are the mutations of nearly every one's circumstances that no one ought to remain permanently dependent on alms. The sick get well, the lame have crutches, the blind can be taught to weave, the palsied grandparents die, the children grow up to working capacity, the time of slack work is followed by plenty to do, a service promptly and well done leads to other engagements, and bad associations may often be cured by removal to a better neighborhood. Now all these doors to usefulness which open, one after another, even to those in the most depressed circumstances, would not be passed by unregarded, if society were not constantly opening others more frequent and convenient to the same result of maintenance, if not of respectability. When a person has found a fair situation which promises to be permanent, it is an axiom of business that it is better to stay in it and avoid experiments and changes, since "the rolling stone gathers no moss." Of course there are exceptions to the wisdom of this rule, and to some there come times when those who have the courage to take a risk greatly improve their fortunes. But for most persons the rule is the safest, especially for those who lack energy and quickness of perception. Now why should not the poor family which has established relations with the

church alms-chest, and the overseer of the poor, and the soup-house, and several generous private families, cling to these easy means of support, and work these leads for all they are worth? If they do they only apply a safe business principle to their own affairs. A woman in New York for thirty years received an allowance every month from one of the wealthy churches of that city. When she died her estate was found to amount to \$18,000, part of which she willed to the grocer with whom she had traded, and the rest to some remote relatives. A French fiddler who begged on the streets of New York, was found by the police to be in possession of \$15,000, and was trying in this way to make up \$20,000, on which to retire and live in France at leisure. Was it not good financial wisdom to stick to such productive methods of living? It is true, these people got their money under false pretences, but even then they belonged to an infinitely superior class to those beggars who squander all that is given to them in dissipation, for it required self-restraint and thrift to lay up such comfortable fortunes from resources which could not have been very large.

Again, there is something very weakening to the character in provisions made for living without exertion, reflection or enterprise. A woman in India, who had managed to ascend to the roof of her one-storied zenana, was discovered trembling and weeping convulsively. The reason she gave for her agitation was that she was terrified at finding herself so far away from home. It was the first time she had ever been outside of her apartment. In every community there are numbers of people whose circumstances are narrow and whose experience is monotonously small. If we step in and surround them with appliances for getting a living without much thought or exertion, we weaken their self-reliance and they rapidly become incapable of enterprise. A change of situation actually terrifies them. Those

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who have grown up amongst quick-witted, energetic associates, who have had a wide range of observation and who have been trained to reflect and to take responsibilities, have little idea of the weakening of impulse and of self-confidence, which goes on in the breasts of those who have sunk into dependence on the provisions others make for them.

There is another powerful and corrupting influence emanating from the numerous and prodigal charities of modern life. Dr. Chalmers stated one side of it sixty years ago, when the poor of Glasgow were clamoring for the introduction of public relief by taxation into that city. His view of it was that the many small gifts of individuals poured into a single treasury until the aggregate amounted to thousands of dollars annually. The poor seldom thought of the number who would apply for a share in the distribution, but did think of these munificent resources offered to them for the asking. The prospect was a strong enticement to apply for aid; the meagre grants were disappointing, and caused grumbling and jealousy amongst the people.

Then there is a sense of right to these treasures kindled in the minds of the destitute. Why should there not be? In Denmark the law actually said the poor had a right to relief from the taxes, and in England the courts have decided that the guardians of the poor can be punished for refusing aid to needy applicants. There are estates in the Chancery Court of England awaiting to be claimed by legal heirs, and in America there are associations of remotely connected families banded together to establish their right of inheritance, and to get and divide the money. In these associations are many very respectable and intelligent persons, and it is not considered vicious in them to try to show that they have the best claim to these unearned fortunes. In every city of the United States there are large sums of money, ranging from

hundreds of thousands to millions of dollars, in the hands of trustees for distribution amongst those who can satisfy the trustees that they need it. The money is intended for no one in particular. Those who contribute it do not know and seldom inquire who gets it, and those who get it neither know nor care from whom it came. No small share of it is raised by taxation, and it is notorious that even very reputable and prosperous men will scheme and plot and lobby to get government money as long as there is any to be had. Why should not the poor scramble for these funds? Why should they not feel resentful towards the agent who cuts down their share to a miserable dole, or denies them altogether? And to whom could they feel grateful if they were so disposed? As an actual fact, there are thousands in every city begging for these doles, who do not need them and would not ask for help, if it were not for these fat treasures. A woman in Germantown, who had applied to a fuel society for coal, said to the visitor who called to inquire into her necessities and learned that a ton of coal had only the previous day been put in her cellar, "Oh, I bought that coal with my own money, but I have not had my charity coal yet!" It is a common experience of almoners of charity, or of public funds, that if they give a grocery or fuel order to a family in a neighborhood new to them, they are soon after beset with applications from others in the same tenement or block, who come to get their share of the bounty.

Not only do people in narrow circumstances feel in this way, but some very well off,—even property owners and taxpayers,—are known to ask for the benefits of charity. The Secretary of the Charity Organization Society in New York tells of a farmer's wife, who for fifteen years came 125 miles to the city annually to attend religious conventions, and improved her intervals of time by begging, to get her "supply of pin money."

A patient in an eye hospital on free treatment was found by searches in a County Clerk's office of an adjoining state to be a large real estate owner. Indeed, this class of facts is a very numerous one, and into it, perhaps, ought to be put the frequent cases of large employers of labor in England, who become patrons of hospitals and take out tickets of admission thereto, which they virtually use as a part of the wages paid to their men. In other words, some of the wages is retained as an insurance fund for times of sickness or accident, and the hospitals are made the means of relief, because, owing to their endowments and receipts from other sources, it is cheaper to use their resources than to pay out money for home treatment.

So far this paper has dealt only with the mildest features of our charitable system. The subject is too large to present more than one aspect of it in a magazine article, and perhaps enough is done, if the tendencies of our heedless practices are made clear.

Behind these tendencies lies the terrible corruption of character which arises from idleness encouraged, self-respect ruined by dependence on strangers, conscience stupefied by resort to false pretences, family affection decayed by the substitution of charity provisions for filial, parental and even conjugal duty, all of which aspects of beggary are capable of interminable and revolting illustration. But one anecdote can be given here as a suggestion of the universality of this degradation, and it is narrated not because it is humorous, or especially striking, but because it corresponds to a general experience amongst observant alms-givers.

A white-haired man once accosted a clergyman as he was going into church to tell with what pleasure he listened to the preaching and how he always came to his services when he left his country home to visit the city. The next day the man appeared at the parsonage, and after

some "blarney," said that he had been a schoolmaster in the Susquehanna Valley, that he had saved up something which he had invested in railway stocks, that his business in the city was to sell some stock in order to get money for his expenses, but that its price was so low, then, that he could not bear to sacrifice it. He had given up the sale and written to his wife to send him money to come home with, but while awaiting her reply had taken a room in a lodging-house at twenty-five cents a day. He said he had no money to pay this daily score nor to procure food, but if the clergyman would lend him fifty cents until the next day, when he expected to hear from home, he would repay it. The minister was not without a good many years of experience with such applications, and frankly told the man that his case fell into the common category of beggars, that the man was unknown and had no respectable vouchers, but concluded by saying he would lend the man the money in the hope that he would return it and enable the minister to say that once he had trusted a stranger and found him honest. The old man laughed, replied that he had heard clergymen were sometimes imposed upon, but that he was respectable and truthful. "Sometimes!" cried the parson, "I did not say sometimes. I want the dismal monotony of years of fraud broken just once. Here is the money, please return it simply for the credit of your craft." At that visit the clergyman's intercourse with the guileless, silver-haired school teacher ended.

Since such is the aspect of the prevalent benevolence, it is high time a voice should be raised in the wilderness of heedless, lavish acting by proxy to warn us of the mischief we are doing, and to summon us to review our conduct, and act like men responsible for our influence. That was the original motive of Charity Organization: that is the purpose it still has in view.

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One other feature it has, so characteristic, so important, that it should not be passed in silence. It sets up a new test of successful work among the poor,—a test which, if we shall think of it, is the only sufferable one,—a test such as we inexorably demand of all other kinds of work. It demands of us, “Is our work accomplishing any good?” The proof of it lies not in the number of persons we get on our relieving list, but in stopping the necessity for relief. Were a physician to keep all his patients in need of drugs from day to day, and to use his best endeavors to increase their number in order that he might boast of the prodigious good he was doing, there would speedily arise some indignant soul to hale him to the madhouse amidst the approbation of all the wise. Yet such is the insanity of charity-mongering. It is

time to require of us, not the alleviation but the cure of distress and degradation. It is a shame to be complaisant over the bigness of our slough; our true work is to fill it up and make firm ground of it. To use a favorite expression of the President of the Boston Associated Charities, Our pride should be in the number of those we graduate from the school of dependency, and not of those we can crowd on its forms. This is the standard which Charity Organization carries into the field, and when one thinks of its common sense and of the beautiful hope and faith that support it, one can almost hear the Christmas bells

“Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.”

THE city of Paris has recently taken a generous initiative in the matter of women. Mlle. Benoit, a young Vendéan lady, who lately took her medical degree, is now appointed medical examiner of girls throughout the municipal schools of Paris. This is in every way an admirable measure, as it is the business of Mlle. Benoit to see that girls are not overworked, and that they get through their studies under sanitary conditions. Very quietly, but surely, French women are taking the position now occupied by their English sisters. A directress of a lycée for girls receives, besides apartments, lights, firings, etc., a salary of three or four thousand francs—a few years back an unheard of emolument for women teachers. That the education of the young of both sexes throughout France is destined to fall into the hands of women may be gathered from the fact that splendid training schools for female teachers are being erected in all large towns hitherto without them—Angoulême for instance.

FEW are the encouragements which an Indian meets on his way to civilization. It has recently been decided by the United States Attorney-General, that the office of Postmaster cannot be held by an Indian. Not fewer than one hundred Postmasters have to be removed from Indian Territory because of this decision. True, competent, honorable men, against some of whom not a whisper of complaint has been uttered during a period of twenty years, must yield their well-earned positions. One of these, Ex-chief Ross among the Cherokees, is a graduate of Princeton College, an eloquent lawyer and a vigorous thinker; yet he is no longer eligible to the office he has honorably and successfully maintained, because he is an Indian.

IN Center Church, New Haven, Nov. 20th., a branch of the Women's National Indian Association was organized by our General Secretary with Mrs. N. J. DuBois as Secretary.

MY FRIEND THE BOSS.

A Story.

BY E. E. HALE.

CHAPTER I.

THE train was exactly on time. We rolled into a cheerful and comfortable station, perfectly lighted by electricity, and, as I staggered from the car with my bag, valise, shawl and umbrella in all my hands, it was into noonday light that I descended.

In a moment a natty groom took from me these impediments, almost without asking leave, and in a moment more I was shaking hands with his master.

"Know you?" said he, "I should think so! Saw you on the platform. There are not so many of your build, and really your hair has stood test better than most of us." So we walked to his comfortable carriage. My "traps" or "plunder" were put in, Michael went back with the check for my trunk, and John and I went on talking together, as we had done thirty years before, and as if we had not parted for a week.

In truth we had parted thirty years before, as I say, at the corner of Hollis, at half-past four in the morning. Our class supper had ended, perhaps half an hour before, and John and I had stood there, talking, in the early dawn. Street cars were just invented. He took the earliest car into town that he might catch such lightning express for the West as then existed. I went to bed. We shook hands heartily, and he said, "God knows when we shall meet again." Thirty years had sent us backward and forward over the world, in fun, and in fight, in good fortune and bad, and at last we met,—as I say, under the Arc-lights in the station house at Tamworth.

"When have you seen Gilman? And how is Flagg?" Such questions, and a world of others like them, crowded our little ride.

His house is a palace, and a large one at that. Many a courier in Europe has dragged me to see many a palace of this or that little King of Bavaria, or Würtemberg, or Weiss-nicht-Wo, in which one would not display such generous hospitality as could John in this house in Waban Avenue. On the other hand, the traditions of Waban, whoever he was, still held here, and one had here also, the homely comforts of a log cabin. There is but one other palace known to me, of which one can say the same. The family had dined, but after I had washed and dressed, my cheerful little dinner was served, and John and his wife, and two or three wide-awake boys and girls, gave me moral support and comfort, as I ate it. In fifteen minutes more I was as much at home with the children as if I had gone to chapel with them for four years, as I had with their father, and had, with them, prompted and been prompted through difficult passages in *Æschines* and *Isocrates*.

As eight o'clock drew near, it proved that some of them were going to the concert of the Jubal Club. Would I like to hear the music, or would I rest in the library?

"Tired!" I was not tired. How should I be tired after seven hours in that comfortable Wagner palace? I have been far more tired after three hours in my own study, with Tom, Dick and Harry; Miss A., Miss B. and Miss C.; Mrs. X., Mrs. Y. and Mrs. Z., just "looking in for a moment," and "so sorry to interrupt me,

and knowing how busy I was,—but would I just be kind enough to grind their dull axes for them?" Now, in the Wagner, nobody calls on you, there is no mail, the telegram cannot find you, you have one or two good novels, and, if you want, you may write a chapter in your Serial, or a leader for the *Daily Argus*. You have everything except a dead grandfather and a hornet's nest to make you comfortable, and there is no man to terrify or make afraid.

I was not at all tired, and so I joined the Jubal party. Two carriages came to the door, and people appeared whom I had not seen. They were not then explained to me, but I came to know them well, and so will this reader, I hope.

The music was very good. But I believe I was more taken by the house and by the orchestra. I said to myself, for the hundredth time, that when, at the West, they do a thing, they do it with the finest edge and the most perfect polish. I had seen no such Opera House as this in Philadelphia or New York. Far less had I seen any such audience in Munich, or in Florence. Good-natured, easily pleased,—yes, that is the habit of people, in proportion as they are near a frontier. They have not yet got on the habit of thanking God that they have anything. They measure the concert against the howling wilderness still, and do not compare it with some reminiscence of what it was when Arion led the orchestra, and Orpheus was the tenor. But this was not merely the good-natured audience of Cheyenne or of Tombstone. I knew those audiences. These people knew what was good, and listened, and were still, and applauded sympathetically. Regarding which sympathy of theirs, I was to learn more.

"Tumble into any carriage," cried John to me, as I stood under the great *porte-cochère* with his daughter Nelly, after all was over. "Do not stay on the order of your coming." And I dimly made out, that in place of the two carriages which had brought us, four or five were now receiving our party, and that the party, somehow, had grown. And, when we came back to Waban Avenue, this proved to be so. Into the large drawing-room,—come not the little home party only, but people whom I had not seen, and, among them, one or two whom I was quite sure that I had seen on the stage. A Mr. Ferguson, whose exquisite violin had brought back the Ole Bull of my boyhood, and Mrs. Savage, one of the soprano singers, with a voice which made you love her, rather than admire her. Sure enough, we had with us the very choicest of the musical authorities of the town.

We congratulated and we made our compliments. We sank into *tête-à-tête* chairs and talked gravely about Wagner, and gladly about Mozart. I was listening to a very curious story about something which happened behind the scenes at La Scala, when a servant announced supper. Every gentleman gave his arm to a lady, and I followed with Miss Mary Bell, one of the inmates of the house, a visitor like myself. We came into the large dining-room, a beautiful room which I had not seen before, and here an elegant supper was laid for a party which must have numbered four and twenty.

You would thank me, dear reader, if I could and would write down, for you, every word of the jolly talk; the funny story-telling; the grave discussion of the groups, which fell into talk and even into song as the next two hours went by. There was one very merry party around John at our end of the table. There were six or eight others around his wife at her end, with their own thread of discussion, their own bursts of laughter, and, once or twice, they commanded silence as they put up Mr. Dunning to a verse of a song. Some four or five, on each side of the table, midway, gave allegiance and attention to either of these groups, or had their

own talk across the table, where no high pyramid of flowers cut off easy story-telling. And, often and often, all voices but one were lulled, as in those songs of Dunning's, or when some approved story-teller launched on some fact or fiction, which by common consent, the rest chose to hear.

What was evident, from the first minute, was, that I was the only person who was in the very least a stranger there. The others,—why one would say that they were there every week in their lives. And, before I had done with this household, I found that in fact they were.

I had chances for long, serious talk, and for much funny chaff, with this Miss Bell, whom, almost by accident, I had led out to supper. Yes, I liked her from the first, though at first I was afraid of her. I did not understand her at first. Perhaps I do not understand her now. It is so hard to understand a person who does not wholly understand herself.

She gave me some keys to the company with whom I was to make this visit. For John Fisher himself, in whose house we were, she had unmingled respect. A queer vein of familiarity side by side with strange moods of reserve. I did not in the least make it out that evening, but now I think I understand it. Of Mrs. Fisher, she would absolutely say nothing. Once and again I led the conversation that way, and, every time, I found it landed promptly on some distant shore, and before I knew it, we were talking of Madame de Sévigné, or of Cetawayo, or of Julius Cæsar. When I found out, as I did before long, that Mrs. Fisher was a fool, pure and simple, I saw why Miss Bell had been thus unwilling to discuss her with a stranger.

As to herself, Miss Bell was tall, easy in manner, a little shy in expressing herself. She was, clearly enough, used to society, and, as I found afterwards, to society in all its forms. Yet I thought then, and I know now, that if you had put her for a month in a log cabin on an Adirondack mountain, and had sent ravens to feed her, while the spring supplied her drink, she would not have found her time hang heavy. She seemed to take the society of those around her as something which she was glad to have; yet I fancied she would not have walked two miles to seek it, if it had not happened to be there. Pretty clearly, she had not solved all her conundrums yet, and she thought some of them hard to solve. But which conundrums these were, she would not tell me, a stranger. She had not that fatal facility of confidence.

We all fairly lounged over the supper table, and nobody wanted to break the spell. It was long after midnight when Mrs. Savage rose, and said, "We shall all be as sleepy as bats to-morrow," and bade Mrs. Fisher good evening. This broke up the whole. The party bade good-bye in the drawing-room, and in fifteen minutes we of the household were in our bed-chambers.

Then I tried to recollect whether John Fisher had shown any musical enthusiasms in college. Had this all developed late in life? Surely he was not in the college choir, yet he would have been, had he known C sharp when he saw it. Certainly not in the glee club! Nor had he any piano then. But then he had not money enough, in those days, for a piano. But, leaving pianos aside, so few fellows had pianos thirty years ago. I could not recollect that John even had a jews-harp. I did not remember that he ever whistled a tune. How strangely fellows do turn out!

Of the whole crew of us, John Fisher was the very last I should ever have thought of as President of a Jubal club and the leading virtuoso in music of a great city!

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CHAPTER II.

WITH some of us breakfast is a critical business, and the prosperity of our day largely depends upon it. I was, therefore, glad enough to find that it was not shuffled out of sight, in mad haste, at John Fisher's, but recognized as the glad solemnity, not to say sacrament, which it is, loved and lingered over, and regarded indeed as the first friend of the day and not as a skirmishing enemy.

How sad the household where breakfast is simply the hasty fighting place, where the man of the household seizes a buttered roll in his hands, gulps down his cup of ruined coffee and runs for his inexorable train!

At John Fisher's, on my first morning there, I found many, many things to eat, in that American abundance which contrasts so agreeably with the "Toast, sir?" "Mutton chop, sir?" "Muffins, sir?" which constitute the stock in trade of the chef at an English inn.

More important than this, they were lavish as to time.

"I am awake now," John Fisher would say; "and we are by ourselves, now. Heaven knows where we may be at lunch; or who may be here at dinner, or at supper."

John Fisher had invariably been up before breakfast. He had imbibed his oxygen and his ozone on some piazza or stoop, while he read his morning paper. Perhaps he had had an early cup of coffee.

He would come into the breakfast-room among the first, throwing the newspaper away as he did, and exclaiming that there was not a word of news, and that he did not see how people could live and print such stuff.

"Now, here is a stock-broker's rumor that the Emperor of Germany has broken his leg. Why, I had a dispatch at my counting-room when I went down town yesterday, to say it was all a lie, from our own man at Vienna."

I intimated gently, that the local editor at Tamworth probably did not have "his own man" at Vienna. At which suggestion John was well pleased. The truth was, that he was so well informed a man himself, that the average "chief" of a journal would have been at disadvantage in meeting him.

"Now we will not hurry," he said, as he sat welcoming one and another arrival, after he had asked a blessing on the day. "We will not hurry. At lunch we shall have to hurry. At dinner we may have to be grand. Who knows whether there will be any supper? Here is breakfast; this is a fixed fact. And unless the ground opens and swallows us up, we are well-nigh sure.

"What do you say? Do you begin with fruit? Or there is oatmeal on the side-table. Miss Bell will give you omelette; or, I will give you a piece of steak; or, there is fish. That white fish is fresh. Jonas brought it in, while I put on my necktie."

And then he began talking. On this particular morning, he was in excellent spirits. He was never in bad spirits, indeed. But sometimes he talked more gayly than at others, and this was one of these times.

"What I mean, Cordelia, is this," said he. He had been talking with her on the piazza, before breakfast. "It is a great waste of capital, by which you story-tellers introduce a new hero, a new heroine; or, a new second hero, or new second heroine; a new villain's tool and a new villain's fool, with every story you tell. I hardly know their names, I am so stupid, before you wind up the book.

"Then I have to buy a new book, and to learn another set of names.

"Now if my business were story writing,—and I sometimes wish it were,—I would do as the Chinese do with their plays. I would let the story run on and on, just as life does. People could begin to read where they like, and leave off where they like, as they do at that Normal School in Ohio which you told about. They need not buy the early numbers, and they need not hold on till my death.

"Indeed, when I died I would leave the good-will of my story, as David Crockett did his almanac."

"How was that?" said Mrs. Grattan, laughing.

"Why, there was a comic almanac published, called 'Crockett's Almanac,' full of hunting stories, alligator fights, and so on,—very popular among boys like me, and Tom there. One unfortunate day, Davy Crockett was killed at Alamo, if you know what that was?"

Mrs. Grattan shook her head for "no," like a guilty thing.

"No matter. He was killed. But the almanac appeared all the same. And it bore the statement that he had 'completed the preparations, calculations and all, for five years in advance, before he ever went to Texas.'

"Now that is the way to start a novel."

I said some German said that the Iliad has no introduction and no conclusion, that it is just like a Greek frieze. The head of a horse sticks in at the left, and the tail of a horse sticks out at the right, and it is supposed that you know that the head has a tail and the tail has a head.

"Just so," said John. "A sensible German. Find his address and I will send him our new illustrated catalogue from the shop. I do not doubt he will give us an order."

Mary Bell said that Trollope did work in this way, so far as his inferior people go. The background of his story is always familiar ground.

"Exactly," said John Fisher, "and that is why we everyday working people liked Trollope so much. And when I found from his book that he reeled off novels, as I do machinery, twelve pages every day he lived; glad or sorry, sick or well, at sea or at home; one steady, twelve-page grind, why I could have kissed him, and I would, if he would appear to me a vision. He wrote novels as the British government built gunboats."

"How was that?" asked Cordelia Grattan.

"You are so good-natured. You have heard me tell twenty times. Thank you for being so civil. They used to build a long trough of gunboat out into the sea. Then, when an order came for a new gunboat, why, they cut off eighty-six feet and fastened on a ready-made bow and a ready-made stern, and sent her to sea; had another ready-made bow and stern for the next, and so on. They could deliver a great many in a week."

"I wish you would write a novel," said Mrs. Grattan. "You would not be near so hard on us who do."

"Take care, or I will. The very first day the mail fails, so that I have no letters: bridge broken at Taladega; snow drift at Girard, I will call Miss Typewriter,—her real name is Jones,—and I will begin:

"'James could not hold in his anger at this announcement.' And I tell you the public will start, when they find such a prompt beginning as that, and when the chapter ends with 'Hector!' she cried, as she found the treacherous sods gave way, and she was falling through space—"

"Will they not be uneasy, then, till the next chapter arrives, in the next number of the *Century*?"

"But that is what life is. Heavens! am I not now going down town to have a cable from London tell me that Mr. Gladstone has been struck in the head by a paving-stone? And then the dispatch will stop. And if he dies, all values will decline, and I shall stop the works and we shall all retire to that log-cabin in Purchasville, which is the property of Cordelia's uncle, and shall live there on ground nuts.

"And if he lives, all values will boom, and I shall present to each of you a diamond necklace for a birthday present.

"You are all, always, sitting on the edge of such a volcano; and yet you think William Black's guidebook stories interesting, and talk to me of the plot of the Duchess's farrago. Lucky for you that I do not write novels."

"Indeed, indeed!" said Mrs. Grattan. "I shall pray for a snow-drift at Girard. Once you try with your Miss Jones, you will wish you had forty of your old letters to answer. Stay at home to-day, and help my hero out of his scrapes. I will go to the office, and your Miss Jones and I will see to the mail."

No, John Fisher would not do that. But he said he would take us all to the office, and then if I liked I might take the ladies to drive. He would leave the carriage and horses with us. We might call for him at one and he would come home to lunch. And to this we gladly agreed.

By the ladies were meant Mrs. Fisher and Miss Mary Bell. We were to start in half an hour. We left the breakfast-table for family prayers. Fisher read a few verses from the Bible; we all offered the Lord's Prayer, and with Mrs. Grattan at the piano, sang two verses of a hymn. Every one disappeared with the understanding that we were to meet for our drive in half an hour.

CHAPTER III.

In half an hour Fisher and I stood on the steps, and Miss Bell joined us. But word came down from Mrs. Fisher that she was too busy, and would not come. Neither of the others seemed surprised.

"Go ask Mrs. Grattan if she would like to ride," said Fisher to the maid. "Say there is an empty seat, if she likes it."

To my surprise, Mrs. Grattan appeared immediately, ready for the drive, as if she had been expected. I found afterwards, that whenever Mrs. Fisher said she would go, she did not; and whenever she declined, she afterwards changed her mind, like the boys in the parable. It made no inconvenience, for every one in the house calculated absolutely on this habit of hers.

Like most men who have lived much in action in the open air, Fisher liked to drive his own horses, rather than to have a coachman drive them. A great carriage builder once told me, that he had to devise special carriages for the need of men of wealth who want to be their own coachmen. I sympathize with the men of wealth.

Fisher discovered a short cut which took us off the crowded street at once, and in a minute he was in the gayest talk as he drove to his works, perhaps a mile out of town. Then he called a lad to stand by the horses, and asked me to come in for a moment to see his workshop.

"You need not leave the carriage," he said to the ladies. "This is an old story to you, and I will not keep him two minutes."

He wanted to show me a particular contrivance for the transfer of power, of which

we had been talking, and, with just a nod to the people we met, he led the way to the long, low room where we could see this. We were talking all the way about people and things.

I saw the bit of machinery; I understood the difficulties and the success enough to ask the right questions about it. I heard part of what he said, and three-quarters of it I lost, in the whirr of wheels, the stamping of hammers, and the trill of saws. When we came out on the stairway, he said:

"Her fortune was enormous then, and it is larger now. And really, all she wants to know is how to spend the income of it, for the good of man and the love of God. You see she is as simple in her taste and dress as if she were my typewriter."

It would have been better, perhaps, had I asked whom he was talking about. But I did not like to, and I had not a moment to think. Probably it was one of the ladies in the carriage. For I had spoken of Miss Mary Bell before the clatter had begun.

I was no fool, and I should find out before our drive was over.

"I leave you with the ladies," he said. "There are one hundred and six different drives from this place, each more lovely than the other."

"What they do not know about them is not worth knowing. So *bon voyage!*"

"Be prompt at one, Mrs. Grattan, or I will dictate two novels."

And so we started.

CHAPTER IV.

I MUST not describe the drive. If I do we shall never be done.

I told the ladies that they meant to pile all their treasures together. Mary Bell was an enthusiast in the open air. Her complete knowledge of the outer world and sympathy with everything that has life made a curious contrast with a certain quietness of manner as we sat talking at home.

Mrs. Grattan, as perhaps became a novel-writer, was an enthusiast and a dreamer in her way. But she did not pretend to know any difference but that of color between the purple of ripened grasses as the sun struck them, and the brown of sedge in a swamp, such as could hardly be found elsewhere on that side of the Mississippi.

"No, Mary," she would say, "it is quite enough that one of us knows these things. You shall expound and explain to me and when I forget, for I shall forget, you shall expound again; and you are so good, Mary, that you will not mind if I make you tell me twenty times."

Under the direction of these two fanatics I drove the bays, that morning, up hill and down dale, across the table-land, through swamps, by the side of brooks, to this "shed line" and that, for twenty different points of observation. We passed by hill-sides where the purple grasses grew, we passed across meadows where late asters grew, we got glimpses of the blue of the far-away hills, we caught the reflection of red maples in a dozen different lakes, and came round by the usual cemetery, established on the site of an old Indian battle-ground. Of all this I must tell no detail, but rather what I learned, such as it was, of the life and fortunes of my college friend, John Fisher.

"You are here to speak to the Temperance people, are you not?" said Mrs. Grattan to me as we came to a long causeway, where for a minute, even Mary Bell had no botanizing to rave about, nor distant cumulus to wonder at.

"Yes," I said. "I had agreed to speak at a great meeting which was to be held before the election, and when Fisher heard of this he wrote to me that I was to come direct from Omaha and make this visit, which had been talked of now for nearly thirty years."

"Is he especially interested in this temperance matter?" I asked. "Why, of course he is," said Mrs. Grattan, looking at me with her great wondering eyes, as she might have looked had I asked if John Fisher knew the names of his own children. "Live in Tamworth long enough, and you will not have to ask such questions; or go down every morning as he did just now, to tell thirteen hundred men what they are to do before dinner, and you will see why he is interested."

"Yes," I said, a little impatiently; "but is he interested in it as he is interested in music, or as you are interested in novel-writing?"

"John Fisher interested in music?" asked Mrs. Grattan, lifting her eye-brows. And Mary Bell turned round on me as if I had confounded him with some other man.

"Why surely," I said, "last night——"

"Oh, yes! last night," said Mrs. Grattan, and then both the ladies laughed. "Wait till you see to-night, and wait till you see to-morrow night."

"John Fisher is interested in music just as he is interested in books and athletics, and pretty houses with clematis over the window, and reading clubs, and pictures, and ice-chests in the milk shops, and cheap cottons and good cutlery, and in anything else that helps toward the 'good time coming,' or, as he would say, 'to make the Kingdom of God come.' But how he would laugh if he knew you thought him an authority on music because we happened to go to the Jubal together."

"Well," said Mary Bell, "I wish I had his knack, or you may call it his gift. I wish I knew how to help people without ruining them in the helping. Seriously, we might do a worse thing than to start him upon writing his novel."

"Novel!" cried Cordelia Grattan. "The man's whole life is one romance. But it is quite too varied to be written down. It defies all the unities at once. Indeed, it needs a steady hand like his to keep those forty-seven prancing steeds of the Sun in any sort of order."

"Steeds of the Sun?" asked I. "And is there no twilight, no shadow, no darkness in his life?"

They hesitated for a moment, both. But after a moment, Mrs. Grattan said gravely, "I should think there was;" and at the same instant Mary Bell said, almost in a whisper, "You will see." We were all embarrassed, and I, to relieve the stiffness and to change the subject safely, asked Miss Bell if she were any relation to the Mary Bell of the Rollo Books. But at that moment, passing out through a chestnut grove we came in sight of the chimneys of the factory, and Miss Bell pointed at them.

"I must tell you that another time," said she. "Here we are."

CHAPTER V.

"AND how have your romances sped?" This was John Fisher's question, as soon as he had gathered the reins in his hands. "Did a horde of red-skins in their war-paint rise shouting from a morass to scalp you? And did Tom here empty two revolvers among their number, not missing once in his unerring aim; and then

touching up his gallant bays, did he rescue all from impending danger, and receive in reward the guerdon of Miss Mary's hand, or Mrs. Grattan's?

"Not that I know what a guerdon is," he added, in mock meditative tone.

The ladies laughed, and we owned that we had only added descriptive passages, heavy padding, to our stories; but Mrs. Grattan asked eagerly what was the progress of his.

John Fisher took on a more serious air, and he said that if we did not object to extending our drive to the Look-out Station and back, that would give him fifteen minutes, and so he told the story.

Mrs. Flaherty had come in. "You know her, Cordelia. Husband that drunken brute. This time he had been off longer than usual,—thank God for that! But last night, late, came a letter from somebody in Chicago. How those people get their letters, if indeed they ever do get the right ones, I never knew.

"Anyhow, here was the letter, black and white; very bad spelling, announcing that Tim Flaherty, who is supposed to be her Tim, got into a drunken fight last month, stabbed a policeman who died, and that Tim is now in the state prison for fourteen years. For once, they seem to have given short shrift in Chicago."

"That is the best news I have heard in a month," said Mary Bell, quietly.

"I made the same observation to his wife," said John. "But I am sorry to say it made her cry. Now, a more gentle spirit, say Cordelia here, would have encouraged her, would have said that there are forty-seven Tim Flahertys in the directory, and maybe it was not he.

"I boldly said I was sure it was he, and that I was very glad, and so I made her cry.

"But I told her that this was as good as a divorce,—these people call them 'divoces,'—and better. I told her that now she was in no more danger of paying his whisky bills. I asked her whether my bookkeeper had anything to her credit. You see, Tom, this is the woman who washes the towels, and makes things tidy in the counting-rooms, and her fortunes are the common interest of Miss Bell and me.

"They occupy me much more than the Emperor of Russia's order does," he added, laughing.

Then, in answer to Mrs. Grattan's eager and detailed questions, it proved that the bookkeeper had saved four or five weeks' of her earnings from the grasp of different bar-room princes, to whom Flaherty had given orders for her money. There were twenty odd dollars to her credit.

"Then we sent to the annealing room for Dan. Dan came, and he made a fine appearance, Mrs. Grattan. He does credit to your artistic eye, Mary. I recognized your taste in the very color of his overalls. Dan reported that his foreman had,—oh! I think forty dollars to his credit. Between them they had held this in face of orders unnumbered signed by Tim. To tell the truth, I am afraid they had lied awfully, in a good cause. But the money had not been passed over.

"On which, I bade Dan go and make himself decent, and told the foreman he must get along without him this morning. Then Dan went in the glory of a clean face and of his Sunday hat to find up Kilmansegg. Kilmansegg was on the top of a load of lumber. But Dan hailed him, tendered his hundred dollars, and Kilmansegg said it was right, and that he should have the deed before night, and he will."

Of this condensed narrative I asked the explanation. It proved that Kilmansegg was treasurer of a Building Association. That Dan and his mother had coveted a certain five-room house which belonged to this Association. But they had not dared buy while Tim could pounce on their wages at any moment.

Now that Tim was "jugged," in the elegant phrase of his first-born, the mother and son were able to go into their first real estate speculation.

"You said a hundred dollars," said Mary Bell, breaking her part of the silence. "But you only accounted for sixty odd."

John Fisher blushed, as if he had been detected in a crime. "Oh, the foreman and I made that all right. I told them they must work and they will. 'Real Estate' means a great deal, Tom. Your only way to help people is to show them how to help themselves, and the real,—royal' I suppose the word means, step to helping themselves, is over *real* estate. None of your sham estates, as Mary Stevenson said of the roast pork. What is your story about Antæus, Miss Bell?"

"I did not know it was my story."

"Well, the explanation of it is, that whenever he was in the stock-market and the bears pulled him down, Antæus fell back on his real estate investments. He put his foot on the earth, and as I heard the parson say one day: 'He drank in new strength from his mother.'

"Dan Flaherty will never drink. Sixty dollars a year will he save which would else go in whisky. The sons of these drunken dogs almost invariably hate It." John Fisher always spoke of whisky as "It," with a certain jerk, which I represent by a large I. "They hate It. It is their children, the boys and girls, too, who sometimes have the curse in their blood, poor things.

"But now, Dan and his mother have fairly started on the ascent of the Great Temple, or Tower, or Castle of Human Life. It is built on Real Estate. And when success is ended for all four of us, and we are poor beggars, all of us seeking a day's crust, we will hand in hand knock at the door of the Flaherty palace, and they shall take us in."

And so he swept up to the door of his own palace, and gave the reins to the waiting groom.

CHAPTER VI.

THE party at lunch was as large as that had been at supper the night before. But I did not recognize one face of those who met then, excepting the children of the house and the ladies. There was a certain informality about the gathering as becomes a party at lunch: a great deal of merriment, as was natural where most of the guests were young, and talk irrepressible.

No! If I had expected musical amateurs again, and I did not after the ladies' laughter in the morning, I should have been disappointed. It very soon appeared that the party was made up mostly from the Directors and other officers of the Base Ball Nine of Tamworth, who had come with their wives, and, in some cases, with their daughters, and with whom were other gentlemen interested in the Athletics of the town. The Medical Director of the Gymnasium was there; the President of the Cricket Club was there: a white-cravated, single-hearted young man, who proved to be the minister of St. George's church. They were prayer-book people, and, being Americans, said minister and did not say Rector. The head of the High School was there; the President of the Rowing Club, and in short we were a company of very muscular Christians, with their pretty wives and daughters.

No! the talk was not very much of the shop. We were going in the afternoon to see a practice game, as it was called, of the Tamworth Club, who were to exhibit

themselves in full rig, to their admiring friends, after a tour they had made through the principal towns in the State, in which they had easily maintained their championship as the best club in the State, a championship which they had now held for several years.

I observed that we all spoke as if it were a matter of course that our club should hold the championship. Nor was this the last time that I observed, that, whatever the subject of conversation, the Tamworth people all understood, that they stood, as it were, of course, in a well-defined position of leadership. Had the Chief Justice died in the night, I am quite clear that the men of Tamworth, as they met at the post-office the next day, would have determined promptly which of the Tamworth lawyers could be best spared to go to Washington and to take his place. I remembered that last night, when I had said that something was better played than I had ever heard it, the large-eyed woman to whom I spoke, had intimated that this was quite a matter of course. But I had not then understood, as I came to do, before the week was over, that this was not her notion only, but that it was the happy habit of all the town.

So, all through lunch, it was "conceded" that the journey of the club had been an unnecessary courtesy, due in a sort to the other cities and towns of the State. The "boys" had of course done well, and now the afternoon was to be made a *fête* day in their honor.

As I say, the talk was not very largely on base ball. But it was very Aryan. Or, not to speak philologically, it was all quick with ozone, oxygen and the open air. You were ashamed of yourself, if you were not in the habit of walking fifteen miles a day. It was taken for granted that you knew the "record" for bicycles and tricycles, and that for amateurs as distinguished from professionals. You did not speak of a boat, but, in more precise phrase, of a birch, or a canoe, a shell, or a four-oar, or a catamaran, or a cat, or some one other of forty different builds. It was taken for granted that life was very well worth living, and you would have said that not one of these very brown and very handsome young people had ever had an ache or a pain.

I was a little annoyed to find that Miss Bell was not at the table. "One of her Bible-class called on her at just the wrong time," said Cordelia Grattan. I had hoped that I might sit by her at table, and that she should be guide, philosopher and friend, to explain to me the different guests, and interpret to me the local jokes, to which, inferior, I could not mount alone.

Instead of this, I was introduced to a stranger, with whom to begin all over again, as I had begun with Mary Bell, the night before. To borrow the simple phrase of the Georgia colonel, I was "put out to a strange gal."

But poor Mary Bell was less pleasantly engaged than we were. The Mrs. Waters who had called on her was evidently ill at ease from the first. It took her some time before she could come to her story.

"I am so sorry I interrupt you. I see Mrs. Fisher has company. Oh, no! I would not think of staying. I am not dressed, you know! Indeed, indeed, Miss Bell! I would not have waited for you, if—well, you will see, I had to wait, if it was any good coming at all."

"The dumb man's borders still increase."

This is a favorite quotation of Mary Bell, and to a considerable extent, it accounts for what people think a certain reserve in her manner. But as the Mrs. Waters

stammered and stopped, and blushed, and turned pale, Mary Bell began to think that even this great principle of life was going to fail her.

"You are sure no one hears us? Did any one mention my name?" These ejaculations followed from the visitor, as for the second time she tried the door, and made sure that it was fast.

Then with a bold dash she said, "Do you know anything about Mrs. Fisher's necklace, her opal necklace? Has she said anything about it to you?"

Then Mary Bell remembered what she had hardly had any occasion to know, that the husband of Mrs. Waters was the chief man in the large shop of Niederkranz & Smith, the chief jewelry firm of Tamworth. Mr. Niederkranz was old and lame, and never appeared. Mr. Smith was in the counting-room or somewhere, and seldom appeared. Mr. Waters was perhaps the "Co."—anyhow he was the man you always saw.

And at last, with much difficulty, many surprises, endless parentheses and other obstructions, Mrs. Waters told Miss Bell that twelve months before, Mrs. Fisher had brought to the firm this necklace, which she did not want repaired; she did not want to sell; she wanted to pledge for money. She wanted a large sum of money for private use; some relatives she wanted to befriend, and it was to be, for the time, a secret from her husband. She did not like to have to ask him for the money, she said. But there was this necklace, which had cost five thousand dollars at Tiffany's. She brought Tiffany's bill as her evidence. Would they lend her a thousand dollars for two or three months, and take the necklace as security? Mr. Waters had received this precious confidence. Mr. Waters had been a good deal disgusted, not to say mortified. But he had asked Mr. Smith, who was rather a cynic, and woman-hater. He had laughed, and had said it was a pity not to accommodate so good a customer. Ten bank bills, of one hundred dollars each, had been given to Mrs. Fisher, and she had the next day sent down the necklace.

The queer part of the story was that nobody had looked at it. The box was marked with Tiffany's name. Mr. Waters was busy and thought Mr. Smith had looked at it. Mr. Smith was cross and thought Mr. Waters had looked at it. A boy had been bidden to carry it to the safe and had locked it up. At the end of three months, or thereabouts, Mrs. Fisher had been reminded of the loan, and she had said, "in a few days." At the end of three months more, she had said "in a few days" again; and so in three months more. There had come a row. Old Mr. Niederkranz had been jumbled down to the store in his carriage to look at the accounts. He had seen the entry of \$1,000 lent to Mrs. Fisher, in a little private cash-book. He had asked a question, pretty cross. The pledged jewel had been sent for. The box had been opened, and lo! a trinket of brass and copper and glass, not even up to Attleborough standards, such as the grand Tiffany never dreamed of, even in a nightmare!

Of course everyone was amazed. Everyone felt abused. Everyone threw the blame on everyone else. Mr. Niederkranz was opposed in politics to Mr. Fisher. He swore he would expose him. Mr. Smith was cross; he always was cross. This time he had been good-natured, and see what had come of it! Mr. Waters was the only person who was in the least cool. He did not know what was to be done. Therefore he consulted his wife, having begged a truce, or intermission of hostilities till afternoon. Mrs. Waters did not know what should be done, but had ordered her carriage and had come to tell Mary Bell, and leave the responsibility with her.

For Mary Bell, as I had many occasions afterwards to learn, is one of those

persons on whom everybody throws the responsibility. It would be one thing if this were only the responsibility of judging what other people should do, as for instance the Pope does. But in Mary Bell's case, and in other like cases, I have observed that certain people not only have to decide as to duty, but have to bell the cat. "I told Mary Bell," people say, and then they fancy that they have nothing more to do in the premises. She will take the whole affair off their hands, not that she wants to, poor woman. "But then, you will do it so much better than I, Miss Bell." As probably she will.

Such was Mary Bell's occupation while the rest of us were at lunch before the athletic exhibition, or reception of our nine. She was hearing, weighing, and learning to understand Mrs. Waters's incredible story.

To be continued.

AMATEUR WORK.

OCTAVIA HILL.

MUCH has been written of late on the subject of Sisterhoods, where those who wish to devote themselves to the service of the poor can live together, consecrating their whole life to the work. I must express my conviction that we want very much the influence that emanates not from "a Home" but from homes.

One looks with reverence on the devotion of those who, leaving domestic life, are ready to sacrifice all in the cause of the poor, and give up time, health, and strength in the effort to diminish the great mass of sin and sorrow that is in the world.

These do their part, and a noble part, in the work of the world. But it is impossible that such friction should not rub off some of the freshness and brightness which belong to lives passed in the sunshine of home influences, and hence it is that we desire to have as workers joyful, strong, many-sided natures, and that the poor, tenderly as they may cling to those who, as it were, cast in their lots among them, are better for the bright visits of those who are strong, happy, and sympathetic.

"Send me," said one day a poor woman, who did not even know the visitor's name, "the lady with the sweet smile and the bright golden hair."

The work amongst the poor is, in short, better done by those who do less of it, or rather, who gain strength and brightness in other ways.

I believe that educated people would come forward if once they saw how they could be really useful, and without neglecting nearer claims.

Let us reflect that hundreds of workers are wanted: that if they are to preserve their vigor they must not be overworked; and that each of us who might help, and holds back, not only leaves work undone, but injures, to a certain extent, the work of others.

Let each of us not attempt too much, but take some one little bit of work, and, doing it simply, thoroughly, and lovingly, wait patiently for the gradual spread of good, and leave to professional workers to deal for the present with the great mass of evil around.

Ten Times One.

"Look up and not down : —
Look forward and not back : —
Look out and not in : —
LEND A HAND."

UNDER these mottoes, a great number of clubs have been formed in the United States, and several in Europe, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the Pacific. Most of the members were boys or girls when the clubs were formed, but those who were fifteen years old in 1871, are thirty years old in 1886.

These clubs believe in the theory expressed in the words, "Ten times one is ten." That is to say, they endeavor to enlarge the number of those persons connected with them who try to hold to the "four mottoes." Those mottoes, as will be readily seen, are simply a modern expression of the words FAITH, HOPE and LOVE: the eternal elements of Life.

So large is the number of these clubs, and of persons interested in such unselfish work as they propose, on lines similar to theirs, that they have for some time maintained mutual communication by "circulars" under the title of "Ten Times One is Ten." These circulars will no longer be published. This department of LEND A HAND will take the place.

It is not proposed to publish generally detailed reports of the work of these clubs. There are far too many of them to make this possible. But in our first number, we publish one connected series by way of illustrating different methods of organization, and different forms of usefulness which young people have devised.

In general, it may be said that any club, for whatever purpose gathered, becomes a Wadsworth Club, or a Ten Times One Club, if, as a part of its organized work, it undertakes to help somebody outside its own number.

"TEN TIMES ONE IS TEN."

FORTUNATE, indeed, were those who, by special invitation, were present on the afternoon of July 3, 1885, at Rock Rimmon, Springfield, Mass.

This gathering was in the interest of the Ten Times One is Ten Clubs in this vicinity. Ten of these Clubs were there represented by their leaders, and a part of them by delegations from the active membership.

After a preliminary conference, the Leaders, with Rev. E. E. Hale in the reception room, all adjourned to the lawn,

where seats had been arranged on a grassy knoll commanding a charming prospect. Here in the grateful shade of wide-spreading trees, in the lovely summer air, the pleasant business of the hour assumed definite shape.

Led by the voice of Rev. C. S. Murkland, of Chicopee, all looked up with hearty thanksgiving and humble petition to Him, who "hath made everything beautiful in its time."

After this was effected the organization of a Connecticut Valley Harry Wadsworth Association, with Dr. Hale for President, Miss M. M. Atwater as Secretary, and

an Executive Committee, to consist of one representative from each Club.

Reports were then given in regard to the special work of each organization. These stories of looking out and not in, and lending a hand, were delightful to hear, and full of suggestive thought. The different ages and circumstances of each one of these centres of faith, hope and love, render their beneficences varied and interesting, and seem so to expand the work of this glorious fraternity, that it reaches around the world. We give these reports below.

Then came a half-hour spent listening to Mr. Hale. He expressed great pleasure in thus meeting so many Leaders of Clubs together, representing a constituency of over 400, and hearing from their own lips the story of their work.

He told many pleasant incidents of the beginnings and progress of this "out-looking" legion, which numbers 1,200 organizations, with a membership of 50,000, scattered over the length and breadth of this land and reaching out to distant countries, the last one hailing from Auckland, New Zealand.

Following Mr. Hale, a pleasant and cheering talk was given by Mrs. Isabella Davis, who for two years was a missionary in Cesarea, Turkey, and more recently has been in Dr. Tourjée's Conservatory of Music, in Boston.

We shall not soon forget her description of the magic power of the words, "In His Name," when she presented them as a motive for doing Christly deeds of kindness, and how cheerfully the young girls under her care in Boston followed her lead, lending their presence and their youthful voices in song, beside the sick and dying in hospitals.

Bearing on their breasts the symbolic Maltese cross, they went forth with willing hearts "In His Name."

Encouraging and helpful were the words of Rev. C. Van Norden, of the North Church; Rev. C. S. Murkland, of

Chicopee; Mr. Dyer, Mr. King, and others.

After this intellectual feast, there followed an hour of delightful social intercourse, while the guests were refreshed with ice cream and cake. When we parted, all felt that the bond which unites us had been strengthened, new impulses had been stirred, and with one heart we could mark this 3d of July, a "white day" in our calendar of 1885.

Plans are now completed for issuing a monthly magazine, called *LEND A HAND: a Record of Progress*.

The workers are multiplying rapidly, and their spirit, which is truly Christ-like, prompting to work "in His name," bids fair in the near future to realize Mr. Hale's ideal in his book, "Ten Times One is Ten."

For, as he says, "So soon as 50,000 people have learned the infinite blessing of active love stayed by faith and enjoyed in hope, and are determined that the right thing shall come to pass in this world, having a good God on their side, they will always be found to have their own way."

REPORT OF TEN TIMES ONE IS TEN CLUB,
FIRST CHURCH, WESTFIELD, MASS.

THIS Club has just closed its sixth year. Its members are girls and boys entering when thirteen years of age.

Though this is by no means a secret society, one of its leaders holds a private interview with each applicant for membership, at which time the story of Harry Wadsworth is told and an earnest effort made to give a clear idea of the Harry Wadsworth spirit. The mottoes are then presented and their significance enlarged upon. On the reverse side of the card is the following pledge:

"The members of the 'T. T. T.' Club wish to be manly and womanly in their characters. Taking for theirs the four-fold motto of Harry Wadsworth, they

aim to be truthful, unselfish, hopeful and helpful and to use their influence always for the right. I pledge myself to do all in my power to make this a useful and successful Club."

This card is to be retained by the applicant for one week, and then if he can conscientiously sign he does so, shows it to the Leader and retains it in his possession. He pays a small sum of money, is then considered a member of the Club, contributes regularly to its funds and is held to his measure of responsibility for its good name and its usefulness. The meetings are held fortnightly, Friday evenings from 7 to 9 o'clock, at the home of the Leader. The character of the regular meetings is social and literary, while occasional distinctively religious meetings are held.

During the past three months, gatherings for Bible reading have been held on alternate Sunday afternoons in the chapel, with very full attendance and with such marked beneficial results as to gladden the hearts of the Leaders.

Though the local active membership is constantly changing by removal to other places, for college or business, and to-day not a single one of the original members attends its regular meetings, each one is still a member of the Club and is made to feel this by frequent communication with its Leaders. Nearly every one gives a substantial token of his interest by a yearly contribution to its funds.

The object of this Club is four-fold and is thus expressed:

- 1st. To help others.
- 2d. To help each other.
- 3d. To improve ourselves.
- 4th. To raise money for benevolent objects.

During the last six years the Club have given \$340 to publish the *Peep of Day* in the Micronesian language, and sent 1000 copies to be placed in the homes of the natives of those islands of the sea.

and have given \$200 toward the publishing of a book of Bible stories in the same language, and have pledged \$500.

As the ultimate end and aim of the Leaders in forming this Club was, that the world shall be made better by the lives of its members, a personal interest is constantly felt and manifested in each one whose name has been enrolled on the list, and is doubtless a potent influence for good.

Happy are we to-day to clasp hands with so many of this world-wide fraternity and thrice happy to look in the face and hear the voice of him who first taught us the true possibilities of $10 \times 1 = 10$, given at Rock Rimmon, July 3, 1885.

WIDE-AWAKE MISSIONARY SOCIETY, SO.
CHURCH, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

THIS society was first formed in 1875 by nine little girls as an auxiliary of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions. In 1880 it was reorganized and boys were admitted and more girls, and in six months they numbered forty-four members, the roll steadily increasing, year by year, until in 1884 there were eighty-two of all ages, from eight to thirty. In 1881 they became an independent society, not auxiliary to any other, and so were at liberty to give their money directly to any object that they chose, and it has been sent on its mission of loving helpfulness to all parts of the globe.

Since 1880, they have raised \$2,250 by membership fees, monthly contributions, missionary jugs, mite boxes, suppers, entertainments, etc. This money has been used in the support of a native helper for two missionary lady physicians; one in India, the other in China; also a medical journal has been sent them. Theological books have been sent to Christian students in Japan, school furniture to a mission school in Turkey, a young girl has been educated in the Mt. Holyoke of Austria, at Krabschitz; \$50

were sent to the McAll Mission, in France; the new "Morning Star" has been helped by them; a Sailor's Library provided by them floats on the ocean; two street boys in New York have been sent to good homes at the West; two organs have been sent to help the lady teachers among the Mormons in Utah, besides boxes of books, and maps, magazines, etc.; a horse and other comforts to some teachers among the poor whites in Tennessee. Clothing has often been sent in the Home Missionary boxes which the ladies of the church have sent out every winter, with now and then a five dollar bill in one of the pockets, for the poor minister's wife, who seldom has a dollar she can call her own; a room has been furnished in the new Winona Lodge for Indian girls at Hampton, and this year they are going to support an Indian boy there, also they have helped a colored Mission School in Washington, and each year they give \$25 to provide rides for the little waifs in our own Children's Home in Springfield.

We do not say these things to boast, but only to show how much happiness we have felt in being able to make so many others happy, and it has been one of the best things about our work to see how even the youngest child has enjoyed the privilege of voting when the money was to be appropriated.

There have been one hundred and forty-two members since the beginning ten years ago, and five of the original nine are still active members. Forty have left town, twelve have been married, nine have entered college, and fifty have united with the South Church.

We feel that one important thing has been accomplished during these years, and that is, that the Wide-Awakes have learned to give systematically and generously, and for the love of it, and to choose intelligently to whom their gifts shall go, and thus their hearts have been enlarged and improved by acting out the

mottoes which they adopted three years ago, and by trying to "*Lend a Hand.*"

YOUNG LADIES' GUILD, MEMORIAL CHURCH
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

THE Guild* are hardly entitled to make a report for this year. They have been taking a vacation.

Early in the autumn they received and accepted an invitation from the ladies of the church to work with them. The two societies working together distributed thirty-five Thanksgiving dinners to poor people last Thanksgiving day. They have sent two boxes of unusual value to home missionaries at the West; have raised the scholarship of \$40, pledged by the Guild to Miss Closson's school in Turkey, and with the help of a few generous donations from individuals have paid the expenses of a scholar in Mr. Moody's girls' school at Northfield.

They have just sent a bundle of aprons to the Indian girls at Hampton, which was very gratefully received. They have made up a large quantity of linen for the new boarding home of the Young Women's Christian Association in Springfield. With the help of the Harry Wadsworth Club, they have collected and forwarded a barrel of magazines, *Harper's*, the *Century*, etc., and illustrated papers, in answer to an appeal from their Home Missionary for reading matter for people in the outskirts of his mission station.

The younger ladies feel that they have lost something in the union of the two societies in the pleasure of their own social meetings, while the older ladies feel they have gained much in the enthusiasm aroused by the consciousness that the younger people were working with them.

HARRY WADSWORTH CLUB, SPRINGFIELD,
MASS.

THIS Club was organized October 20, 1882, on a somewhat similar basis as

* Organized in 1879, adopted the mottoes in 1883.

that of the club in Westfield, with this difference, that our membership consists entirely of young men, who enter between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, remaining active members so long as they are satisfied to look upon the Club as a boys' club, and lend their aid in promoting its usefulness. The affairs of the Club are under the guidance of a committee called advisory.

"Any young man between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, after approval by the Advisory Committee, and election by a two-thirds vote of all the members present at any regular meeting, may become a member of the Club by signing the Constitution, and paying the prescribed admission fee of twenty-five cents annually. Any persons who sympathize with the objects of the Club, can become honorary members by the payment of fifty cents annually."

We have had in all since our beginning, seventy members, but our membership is constantly changing, and to-day we have an active membership of thirty-one, honorary membership of fifty. Our officers are President, First and Second Vice-Presidents, Recording and Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer and Assistant Treasurer. Our meetings are held on alternate Tuesday evenings during the winter, from 7.30 to 9.30 o'clock. In summer we hold no regular meetings, but it is our custom to have several basket picnics during the vacation, which lasts from June to the last of September, in order that our members may not lose their interest, and that those confined to business may have a pleasant outing. On these occasions we try "to help others" by gathering in a few from outside our Club whose pleasures are few and holidays rare, that they may share our good times. Our meetings are very similar to those of the other clubs, the first part of the evening being devoted to any necessary business, the latter to literary and social exercises. Among other things we have

had an evening trip to New Zealand, a letter box, or rather postoffice, an evening of reminiscences of Gen. Gordon, two newspapers, debates, etc.*

At each meeting a collection is taken, every member contributing something, however small, and the money we raise in this way, together with what we receive from entertainments given, membership fees, gifts, etc., is used for benevolent purposes.

Desiring to know the friends in neighboring towns, engaged in the same good work, we proffered our hospitality to their clubs, and the result has been several pleasant evenings together, with most delightful social intercourse, the formation of pleasant friendships, with larger ideas of usefulness, and more enthusiasm as the result. Occasionally we invite all the parents and honorary members to attend a meeting which is made as attractive as possible, somewhat of the character of a reception, in order to interest them in our work. For two winters we have helped a poor colored man with gifts of money, donations of food, and groceries as he needed, while a Christmas box was sent to a poor widow in our neighborhood this year, and warm garments to her son, a lad of thirteen, two of our members doing the purchasing, and carrying the things themselves on their sled Christmas eve. For two years we have sent *Harper's Weekly* to an Indian boy at Hampton, who has in return sent us most interesting letters.

One year we paid half the tuition of a boy at Northfield, and have also assisted another there this year, while a little money has gone to China.

Recently we received a letter from a lady, stating that a boy in our neighborhood, whose mother was a poor widow, could not attend Sunday School for want of suitable clothes. Immediately the Club appropriated the necessary sum, and two of the members took the lad to a store, purchased him a suit of clothes, and

* Many members are reading *Chautauqua* and Home College Series.

finding he needed a hat, gave him a straw hat also. A kind friend hearing of this, sent us a small sum of money to be used for the boy when necessary, and it is our intention to take care of him as we are able. Most of our members have to earn whatever they give, and it may be a matter of interest to state that although we cannot do a great deal at any one time, we find we have given in money and donations about \$200 since our organization.

But the part of our work we value the most, is the development of manly Christian character, and it has been our privilege to see results beyond what we hoped for. Over one-half of our Club have become Christians in this short time, most of them uniting with some church, while among the others there is much earnestness of purpose and many are thinking seriously.

Perhaps one of the most encouraging things, and one that will show what our real aim and purpose has been, and whether we have in a humble way attained to it, is shown in the remark made by one of the members to one of the Advisory Committee.

He came to ask admission for a dear friend, and said the reason he felt so anxious to have him join the Club, was because he needed the good influence the Club would throw about him and the interest that would be taken in him, adding it was so hard for a young man to do right and resist temptation unless some friendly hands were held out to help him, saying, "It is the personal work and interest you take in us, that is so helpful to us."

Religious matters are not made prominent, but it is the aim of those who are trying to guide their younger friends in this work, to have the result of their labors all for Christ.

An experiment was tried more than a year ago, of holding very informal Bible-readings for those who were interested to

come, and they are held at regular intervals during the winter at the home of one of the Committee. The average age of those attending is sixteen; one of the boys leads, and they frequently carry on most of the reading themselves. At first subjects were selected for them; now they have so many they are anxious to have considered, we often have to take them in turn. They have frequently asked to bring their friends, and in some cases young men have asked to come.

We mention this for the benefit and encouragement of others, as our young men say these meetings are the most helpful of any they attend. Some one asked the question, "Why have we never had any in our town, at home?"

We recently heard of a Lend a Hand Club started at Hampton, Va., where ten little Indian girls gave a penny a week towards the support of a little girl at the Butler School. As the teacher who formed the club was a friend, with the hope of "lending a hand," we wrote asking whether we could help and encourage them in any way. The answer came that they had found a poor little colored boy who could not be convinced that God could love him because he had no good clothes, and if we could help them to help him, we should not only benefit him, but would greatly encourage the little Indian maidens in lending a hand, and to-day a small sum in our treasury is awaiting their need.

Truly we have learned, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"T. T. T. CLUB," LONGMEADOW, MASS.

OUR Club was organized three years ago, with twenty members, the young men of two Sunday School classes with their teachers.

In March, 1884, they voted in six young ladies, and at the present time there are sixteen young ladies and twenty-one young men, besides the honorary members.

We meet the last Saturday evening in the month, with an average attendance of twenty. After a short business session, we have talked about some previously given subject. At first we studied about the principal cities in the United States, one each evening. A gentleman just returned from Europe showed us his collection of photographs and told us about them. One of the most interesting meetings was when a lady told about some of the most celebrated altar-pieces we read about in almost every book of travels. She illustrated her subject with fine colored copies. We have spent several evenings talking about the United States government, and at our last meeting our subject was Washington and Mt. Vernon. It will be a little harder to tell what we have done to "lend a hand."

We have several objects to which we contribute regularly, like the Fresh Air Fund, at Boston. We helped a boy to a home in the West, through the Children's Aid Society.

Our chief work is done nearer home. Among others, we have two aged people over whom we keep special watch, an old lady and an old gentleman. An incident which amused the Club may perhaps be worth telling. One of our members called on the old lady, and while there noticed that she was very much troubled with a tea-kettle which leaked badly and which she had partly stopped with dough. The young lady reported this at our next meeting and was appointed one of a committee to buy a new one, which the old lady was delighted to receive.

There are many ways every member lends a hand literally, and the favors are none the less gratefully received.

THE "CHAPEL CLUB," BRIGHTWOOD,
MASS.

ABOUT two years ago our club was

started. We have much the same preamble, constitution, and organization as the 10x1=10 Club of Westfield, and the Harry Wadsworth Club of Springfield. Our general plan is the same.

We took the four mottoes, and as we were to meet in and work largely for the Chapel in Brightwood, called ourselves the "Chapel Club." We met once in two weeks, from half-past seven until nine o'clock, on Friday evenings, until last January, when it was thought best to adjourn until May. We number about twenty-five boys and girls, from ten years old upwards, who pay fifteen cents a year, and do the work. About eight honorary members, who "sympathize with the objects of the Club, and wish to aid it," pay twenty-five cents yearly, and are invited to any of the meetings.

The order of business at the regular meetings is as follows:

1. Roll-call.
2. Opening song.
3. Prayer.
4. Reading records of last meeting.
5. Nomination by Club Committee, and election of members.
6. Special work.
7. Miscellaneous business.
8. Literary and social exercises.
9. Adjournment.

We have just voted to add the repeating of our preamble in concert, to the opening exercises. The "special work" referred to means that some special piece of work, however small, must be planned at each meeting, and a report as to how this has been carried out be made at the next meeting. The literary and social exercises are arranged for each meeting by the Club Committee, made up of the officers and three members. New members must be approved by this Committee, and it is its province to be responsible for the welfare of the whole.

Our general aim is, of course, like that of all the clubs, to act out the mottoes, both as a Club and as individuals.

With the exception of a contribution to a missionary box, sent to Miss Closson's school in Turkey, our work has been in our own city and vicinity. We began by sending a Christmas box to the poor house, with a visit from the club. This was really interesting, as the better patients among the insane were visited and remembered with gifts.

A workman, a few miles from here, who had had an accident and was paralyzed, was helped with clothing for his family, and comforts for himself. We appointed a "donation day," when all should contribute something. Then the girls met together and made a dress for the baby, and an india rubber pillow was bought for the invalid. When everything was collected, two members carried the things, which amounted to about ten dollars in value, to the family, who seemed pleased and helped.

Two other "donation days" have been carried out this summer. The Superintendent of our Sunday School was invited to come to a meeting and describe the case of a family whom she wanted us to help. The club voted to help them, naming a certain day when things should be sent to the house of one of the members. A notice was given out in Sunday School, on the following Sunday, asking for contributions. The result was a collection of clothing, etc., valued at about twelve dollars, and the gift of a dollar from a friend. When a committee of three members, with the Superintendent, carried these things to the family and saw their need of help, on account of sickness and inability to work, they were glad that they had come. A physician was sent, and we hope to do more for them later.

Another "donation day" brought in about two dollars' worth of things for a sick woman.

A cripple boy has been remembered with a potted geranium, and a visit.

Our work for the Chapel has been, first, to provide and arrange flowers every

Sunday, by a committee of three chosen for each month. This committee was enlarged to the whole Club, for Children's Sunday. Then, two large copies of the Ten Commandments and Apostles' Creed hang upon the walls, as the gift of the Club.

Last week we spent an evening together, mending up the torn hymn-books in use in the Chapel. This was something that both boys and girls could do, and we played such games as we could while working at the same time.

We are now making a cover for the Chapel table. The plan is that four girls shall each embroider one side, which shall bear one of the four mottoes.

Written suggestions for work and entertainment were called for and brought in by some of the members last year. This might be carried out more fully than we have done and serves to make all the members feel a responsibility in the meetings.

The plan of holding a meeting for the parents and honorary members proved helpful. After a business meeting, as usual, we had an evening with Longfellow, made up of a paper on his life, readings, songs and tableaux. Then remarks from the parents and visitors encouraged us by showing their approval of the Club, and that they understood our object better for coming.

We sometimes have picnics in summer, and have just held a successful strawberry festival. It was a pleasant excuse for bringing our neighbors together socially, and the net result of ten dollars for our treasury was all the nicer because unexpected. The parents and honorary members were most kind in helping us with this.

One problem with us is to make our meetings interesting to boys and girls of both ten and eighteen, and to combine amusement and instruction as well.

We have tried to mix in something for older and younger; as for instance when

we took the city of Washington for a subject. We divided up the programme into a paper on the government, one on the coining of money, a reading about the city and the public buildings, and a charade acted out of the word "Washington." Other pleasant evenings have been, one on "Halloween night," with a paper on its origin, and "Halloween" games afterwards, spelling matches, evenings with games and tricks, and others with conundrums, or music and readings.

"Electricity" is to be our next subject, with papers on its history, the telegraph and telephone, and questions and answers.

We mean soon to take a secret motto, beside the four, and to try to let it influence our lives. Its meaning is to make us do our work for Christ's sake, and with his help, and to have that motive behind our plans.

Like several of the Clubs, we have started a "Club-box." It is merely a box with a slit in the cover, through which are dropped written instances of "lending a hand," done by the writer or some other member, but giving no names. This is done as an illustration of little ways of helping others, and to suggest new ones. The danger will be, of course, a tendency to boast. But if we are careful about this, and merely let it set us thinking out new ways of showing the spirit of the mottoes in private, it will be just the help we need. When enough instances are gathered, they are read aloud at a meeting, by the Secretary. If this plan can succeed in making us known to others as members of the Club, as much by our little *kindnesses* as by our badges, it will fulfill its object. The Chapel Club is not rich. Our money has been brought in principally by missionary jugs, membership fees, and entertainments. We want to plan to do what we can without much money.

We have not done all that we could since our start, but we begin to see a growth in manliness and womanliness, earnest-

ness and Christian character among some of the members, and we know that the spirit of Harry Wadsworth, and the spirit of Jesus Christ, without which it cannot exist, will make us strong, if we are honest in trying to follow it.

EARNEST WORKERS, THIRD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, CHICOPEE, MASS.

THIS Society was organized Feb. 1, 1884. It has a membership of twenty-five. Its meetings are held monthly with an average attendance of thirteen. We have given during the past year \$50 to the support of a young lady at Fisk University. Have also given \$16 to Foreign Missions. Last summer a Flower Mission was organized, which was the means of doing a great deal of good. During the winter we sewed for a poor family in town.

Within a short time we have adopted the mottoes of the Harry Wadsworth Club, and since then have entertained them. We have tried in all ways that we could to be worthy of our name.

HARRY WADSWORTH CLUB, CHICOPEE, MASS.

THE Club is almost in its infancy, not having been organized a year yet.

Last October, at the request of our esteemed Sunday School teacher, Mrs. Mosman, the class met at her house, and talked over the matter of forming a Harry Wadsworth Club in Chicopee. It was finally decided to do so and ten members were enrolled after adopting a constitution and the Harry Wadsworth Club mottoes, together with our Club motto, "True as Steel." Since the foundation of the Club we have held twenty meetings; have admitted ten new members, and have had three debates on various subjects, two mock trials, and also papers read on the production and manufacture of cotton. Our constitution gives our objects to be,—

To help others.

To help each other.

To improve ourselves and raise money for charitable purposes.

Of the four objects, the two helping ourselves and improving ourselves have received most of our attention, although none have been slighted. But, as was remarked at one of our meetings, in improving ourselves we may help others more than we anticipate, for our example would have more influence than anything else over those with whom we come in contact.

We have raised some money which has been expended in helping those who have been brought to our notice as worthy of help. We also have a committee appointed to bring to the notice of the Club any cases of sickness or distress which we can aid, that they may learn of.

AN INDIAN LEND A HAND CLUB, AT HAMPTON, VA.

THE Indian boys and girls who have come to the East for education are learning the great lesson of self-help, to stand alone, but some of them are trying to go a step higher and lift up others. It is hoped that the Lend a Hand Club which has been formed this year in the Indian department at Hampton will foster this endeavor. It has two branches, one for the boys, and one for the girls, each with its own officers and adopting the Harry Wadsworth mottoes.

The plan is for each to hold a separate meeting once a month, the boys in the Wigwam, the girls in Winona Lodge, and one other evening in the month for all to come together at Winona for a literary and social gathering.

A "Club" has an eminently civilized sound to them and they have entered into the plan with much interest. There has been something touching in the intense earnestness and gravity with which the President, a descendant of the ancient

Iroquois, would painfully decipher the programme and announce the speakers at their general meetings, and in response a Sioux brave, a laughing little Winnebago girl, or a sweet-faced Omaha maiden, would come forward with speech or song or recitation.

One feature of the Club has been to organize the members into Bands for specific kinds of work, as the Brothers' Band among the boys, where each one is to take a new boy or a little boy under his special care. Among the girls is a Ten Times Ten Band, and these ten little maids went down to a school for poor colored children, selected one of the smallest and brightest of the pickaninnies as their protégée, and then proceeded to raise the ten cents a week necessary to carry on her education for the rest of the year, very happy in the thought of being "Scholarship Ladies."

Their cooking-teacher helped them to concoct some delicious chocolate creams, which found a ready sale and put pennies in their treasury. Some of the older girls belong to a Mission Band, and are so familiar with our English Bible that they can go about among the little cabins where the old colored people live, and read to them, or teach classes in the colored Sunday School of the neighborhood.

A friend in Pittsfield, Mass., very kindly proposed a plan which we will let one of the Indians describe.

"There was a white lady came down here this winter who was very interested in the Indians, and she wanted to have a fair for our Lend a Hand Club, and so we have all been making things to sell. We have made a good many things. They are going to send them off to the lady. She is going to sell them for us and send the money to us. We are going to use this money for the sick ones, or for the poor, and anything to help other people who cannot help themselves. I think Lend a Hand Club a very good thing."

In return for the bows and arrows,

bead work, fancy articles, and specimens of wood-carving, etc., came back a generous check. Hardly had it reached the Treasurer, when there came a piteous story of homes blown down on a Western reservation: one of our Hampton families just returned left destitute, and the father of one of our little boys seriously injured. What a chance for our Club to help, and how thankful they were that kind friends had given them the means!

As these Indians go back to Dakota, Nebraska, Indian Territory and Arizona, we shall have to stretch far to touch fingers, but by means of letters we hope to do much to keep the ties fresh and strong, and not only to give sympathy and aid to them in the hard places where they are trying to uplift their people, but to receive inspiration from them.

If they really grasp this idea of loving service and learn from whose Hand alone can be gained the needed gentleness and strength to touch others, who can tell where the influence shall stop?

We think other Clubs will be ready to shake the dusky hands now for the first time outstretched to them, and not looking back on the centuries of dishonor, but up to the common Father, to wish them Godspeed.

LOOK-UP LEGION, METHODIST CHURCH,
WESTFIELD, MASS.

Our branch of the Look-up Legion is composed of girls from five to seventeen, and numbers about forty.

Their work is specially to pay for the

schooling of a little girl in Moradabad, India, who is named Sadie Lamberton in memory of a dear young friend of theirs. In general they lend a hand wherever they can. They meet every Saturday afternoon at the church to sew, and play, and listen to instructive reading. During the year they have sent two valuable barrels of supplies to families in Nebraska.

In them, with other things, was packed much new bedding bought with the Look-up money, and pretty pictured scrap-books, made by the Look-up hands. They bring May baskets for sick people. They have helped needy families at home. They are about to send a poor city child into the country for an outing, and they are going to help build a curbing around the church, and have their portion of the money almost raised.

"T. T. T." CLUB, NORTH CHURCH,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

THE "T. T. T." Club report an active membership of sixty and a good degree of interest.

Its only peculiar feature is a monthly study of the catechism. Its sessions are opened with singing and prayer, whereupon all the members in order say a word by way of recitation, narrative or exhortation. Then a lesson in Philip Schaff's catechism is recited by members and expounded, with help of blackboard and diagrams, by the pastor who presides. The session closes with a general testifying of faith in Christ by rising and silent prayer.

THE LOYAL LEGION TEMPERANCE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK CITY.

THIS Society originated with one boy who signed the pledge. This act multiplied by thirty laid the foundation of the Society, which has joined with the Young Ladies' Christian Temperance Union, and under one name they together carry on their work. Their field is the home, the

social and educational world; their special work that of prevention rather than cure, under three general headings:

- I. Social Influence.
- II. Acquiring and disseminating temperance knowledge.
- III. Efforts for the children and youth.

In order to carry out the last clause they opened a free reading room and library for boys, in May, 1883, which has since been in successful operation. It is designed to benefit boys employed during the day, especially those who have had few educational advantages, and to offer them an attractive place in which to spend their evenings, thus drawing them away from saloons and objectionable places of resort; also to be a practical protest against the demoralizing literature provided for the young. The library contains 1000 carefully selected volumes, and 500 magazines and 400 illustrated papers. Two daily papers are contributed, also nine weekly and eight monthly periodicals.

The attendance from May 14, 1883, to November 1, 1885, was 70,619, and about 1700 names are enrolled on the books.

Harmless games are provided. Familiar talks on chemistry, astronomy and other instructive subjects have been given by the Superintendent, and by friends who have kindly volunteered.

A temperance society has been formed composed of sixty-five active members.

There is an Industrial Bank which has sixty depositors and which receives annually nearly \$400, upon which interest is paid and the boys are thus taught to save their pennies.

There is also a Fresh Air Fund which provided five excursions for the boys last summer.

Employment has been obtained in a number of cases, not only for the boys but also for their mothers, through the influence and recommendation of the Superintendent.

A steady improvement is observable in the boys who attend regularly. They have profited by the instruction which has been furnished, and prizes have been awarded for the best extemporaneous speeches on given subjects.

Already the members have outgrown the size of the rooms, and the multiplication of those interested warrant the Society in anticipating the time when an entire building may be devoted to their use. They hope for practical suggestions from the Lend a Hand, as well as to add their influence to its work. **

THE BROOKLYN BUREAU OF CHARITIES

HAS started a laundry, which proposes three things:

1st. To furnish the people of Brooklyn with an establishment where washing and ironing will be done in a wholesome, home-like manner.

2d. To provide employment for competent women.

3d. To instruct incompetent and needy women how to wash and iron properly, thereby fitting them to earn a living.

It solicits patronage; promising among other things to employ only those women who understand their business; to keep washing distinct and separate; to use nothing in the way of acids or bleaches to clean or whiten the clothing, but the best quality of soap, starch, and bluing, drying and bleaching the articles out-doors,

in an exposed place with plenty of air and sun, whenever the weather will permit.

With these laudable objects in view, they ask that those who put their clothing out give them a trial.

They issue postal cards and other slips already printed, in blank, and properly addressed for orders, and a price list containing a detailed list of every possible thing to be washed, with a very moderate charge attached to each. This system is universally admitted to be an improvement of the old plan of giving out washing by the dozen, irrespective of the size and nature of the "pieces," so-called.

F. H. Marston is *Chairman Board of Managers*; G. C. Brackett, *Treasurer*; Mrs. R. T. Kneeland, *Superintendent*.

Woman's Work in Philanthropy.

IN opening our magazine to a department devoted to the special consideration of Woman's Work, it is not our purpose to define the limits of womanly influence in philanthropy, or to decide the special realm over which it is her province to reign. The fact is, that, in the broad fields of human helpfulness, woman's empire is like that of the Queen of Palmyra, one that knows no natural limits, but is as broad as the genius that can devise or the power that can win."

Even in those darker days when art, literature, education and the higher industries permitted her only an occasional peep through half-closed doors, the portals of philanthropy swung wide for her, and want and suffering never questioned or denied her right to serve.

It is true, as stated in a recent gathering of philanthropic workers, that the most helpful service of our times is the outgrowth of that spirit of practical philanthropy, which, born of Christian good-will to man, pervades as never before, the currents of womanly thought.

It is this spirit that quickens her comprehension of the true conditions of our social problems, and makes her no insignificant adjunct, when the pressure upon the enlightened conscience rouses *men* to grand endeavors for the uplifting of the race. It is this which enlarges her homes till they shelter the homeless, which widens her ministries as nurse, as teacher, as comforter, till they include the sick, the ignorant and the suffering of the world. Under its influence the outstretched arms of motherhood become the wide world's "Orphanage," and the assaulting armies of vice, or crime, or intemperance, find reared 'twixt them and childhood a bulwark of beating hearts. But while admitting that to the cold science of charity, woman has always been the warm and pulsing heart, we yet owe to her sympathetic impulses much of the necessity for the calculating science and severity of organization which are our chief barriers against the rising tide of pauperism and vice.

The gentle hand of woman has, we regret to say, often indulged itself in binding up humanity's wounds, to the lasting helplessness and hurt of the wounded. The pity that filled idle hands with bread has sometimes deterred them from work. Misguided generosity has robbed many a beggar of honest wages and much of the help so freely given has defrauded the recipient of power to help himself.

But from that benighted and sentimental stage of charity we have passed into a new, tonic era of human helpfulness; and women have been among the first to submit their sympathies and impulses to the control of common sense. Under that homely guidance they have won back much ground given over heretofore to sickly or sectarian sentiment and entered with vigor into practical labors, whose progress and results it is our purpose to present.

To woman's work along social, educational and moral lines, ranging from the great philanthropies which aim at uplifting a race, to the possibly greater philanthropy that saves some one neglected little child, they are bringing a breadth of vision, a clearness of insight, a largeness of comprehension, a definiteness and tenacity

of purpose, a power of organization, and an executive capacity, all of which,—impelled by the heart of Christ-like compassion,—have already wrought mightily for the uplifting and comfort of the poor.

For a record of good already accomplished we have only to read the countless annual reports. They cover every phase of educational work, from Kindergartens for immigrant paupers, to the support of future clergy in the Divinity Schools. They include every type of home effort, as well as a constantly increasing foreign work, that reaches arms of pity to every heathen woman and child beyond the sea. They tell of Indian work that is making of the linked hands of women all over our land a chain to aid in drawing the so-called savage nearer to civilized citizenship; and of the various Temperance organizations which include in their broad scope the elevating purposes and energies of almost every other work.

Yet, if to become familiar with the wide range of womanly activities, it is necessary to read all these reports, much unenlightened ignorance and much dormant charitable sentiment must remain. The average mental digestion seems unable to grapple with more than a limited allowance of Annual Report. The rebellious reading public, overwhelmed with literature, finds reluctance deepen to resistance at this point. We have even heard it hinted that a society's secrets are nowhere so safe as between the covers of its Annual Report.

Since, then, the public is often too busy to listen or to read, and the true workers always too busy to tell each other the latest news from their various fields, it has been thought well to throw open a common centre, an exchange for woman's work in philanthropy, and especially for woman's work for woman. We hope it may become a resting place where toilers moving hitherward along all highways of helpful work may be encouraged by sight of each other's sheaves.

Our Woman's Department is not to be a prancing ground for every hobby, nor a tournament where our lances are each to be aimed against every philanthropy but our own, but a gathering place for the armies of facts that must underlie all progress; a place to get and to give all new encouragements and inspirations; a hospitable home for vigorous thought and practical suggestion, offering prompt recognition to good already done, and promising to lend a hand to every good work yet to be.

It is Ruskin who calls our attention to the verse that says, "Blessed is the man that considereth the poor." Not that feedeth,—though that is far easier to do and brings its own reward,—but he that *considereth* the poor.

To this last-named blessedness, our department of Woman's Work hopes soon or late to prove its claim. And to cordial fellowship in both work and blessing it invites that grateful yet too often silent sisterhood of women, who, happy and prosperous themselves, would help to make the sad world glad.

It summons also those, who, having suffered, would forget their own sorrow in lightening the burden of human pain.

In order to facilitate interchange and at once to promote mutual help, we open at this time, a record of names and addresses of women, young or old, who will enroll themselves for study, for teaching, or for practice of some actual method of doing good.

With experience lending a hand to ignorance, with age lending a hand to youth, with youth eager to begin its work, and all animated by a common purpose to dwell within the sacred circle of human helpfulness, who can measure the good that may be done?

The name of the philanthropic work in which each is most interested should

accompany each address. These names are not to be printed, but kept as the nucleus of what shall one day be a great national sisterhood, speaking the same watchword, wearing the same emblem, bound by the same tie, stirred by the same divine hunger to be of use, and moving gently and grandly on to the same end. The condition of membership is willingness to "*consider the poor*," the way is the one He trod who went about doing good, and the call is: "In His Name."

THE ASSOCIATION OF WORKING GIRLS' SOCIETIES.

LESS than two years ago the first Working Girls' Society of New York was started by some ladies who invited a few working girls to meet with them, on certain evenings, in a most informal manner. These little meetings resulted in the formation of a club of fourteen members, who soon began to look about them for rooms to meet in, and for ways and means to attract and benefit a larger number of girls. Classes in needle-work, drawing and singing were started, and the plan proved so successful that now, before the close of its second year, the Society has a membership of nearly 300.

The following circular showing its objects and its classes, has just been issued:

The objects of the Society are as follows: 1st. To furnish pleasant rooms, where its members can pass the evening. 2d. To organize such classes for mutual enjoyment and improvement as the members may desire. 3d. To collect a circulating library for the use of Members. 4th. To develop coöperative measures which shall be for the benefit of the members.

Members must be over fourteen years of age. Shall receive a member's ticket on paying the initiation fee of twenty-five cents; shall pay monthly dues of twenty-five cents. Initiation fee will cover monthly dues for month of joining. Except in case of absence from the city, or sickness, members' names shall be dropped from the list, if dues are owing for more than two months. Any member who fails to pay her dues before or on the 15th of the month, shall be fined five cents, unless she shall show just cause why she had not paid before. If she has not paid by

the first of the following month, or has sent in no excuse, a committee will wait upon her. The duties of the committee are to inform all members who have not paid their dues during the month, and to remind them that after two months' non-payment, their names are read out at the monthly meeting, and that they then cease to enjoy the privileges of the Society.

Members shall have free access to the rooms of the Society whenever they are opened, shall be entitled to enter classes, draw books from the library, have a vote at all elections, and otherwise have an interest in the work of the society.

CLASSES FOR THE SEASON, 1885-86.

Monday.—Millinery, Poetry, and Reading Classes (except first Monday of the month).

Tuesday.—Practical Talks and Lectures (except third Tuesday of the month).

Wednesday.—Embroidery and Sewing Classes.

Thursday.—Singing Class, Games.

Friday.—Dressmaking and Cooking Classes.

Saturday.—Sacred History Class.

Night School, Drawing, First Aid to the Injured, and Sewing-machine Classes will be formed as there is a demand for them.

The Dressmaking, Cooking, and Millinery Classes can only consist of from twelve to fifteen at one time. They are held in series of courses, each having six to ten lessons. The members of the Society thus have to take turns in belonging to them. Those desiring to enter them give their names to the Librarian, who keeps the list in a book and makes up the classes in the order of names being given.

As teachers have to be engaged for these classes and materials are needed, a small extra charge is levied to cover these expenses. This sum has to be paid in advance.

One dollar for seven Dress-making lessons, including a silesia lining.

One dollar for ten cooking lessons.

Sixty cents for six millinery lessons.

If these classes are not full they are open to friends of members, upon the payment of the price of each class.

The Library numbers over five hundred books. Books can be drawn from it every evening (except the monthly meeting night) from 7.30 to 8 and from 9 to 9.30 o'clock.

A lady physician has been engaged by the Society to be present on Tuesday and Friday evenings, to advise with and prescribe for the members. She has the use of a small room and sees those desiring to consult her privately.

A Note Book has been started, in which all members are requested to enter any suggestions relating to the Society, and any joyous or sorrowful news affecting any individual member. An Employment Book will shortly be commenced. In it all those looking for work will enter their names, and those knowing of vacancies in factories, stores, or other places, will also enter such positions.

The President is at the rooms Tuesdays and Saturdays from 7.45 to 9.30, and is very glad during that time to advise with members upon any personal or Society matter.

THE RESOLVE CLUB.

This is an inside organization banded to work for others, especially those who are sick or suffering. Any member who has belonged to the Society for three months can join the Resolve Club, upon pledging herself to try and follow out the precepts of the following motto: "Look up, not down; look out, not in; look forward, not back; and lend a hand." This meets the third Tuesday of each month.

Members of the Working Girls' Society are privileged to enjoy the advantages offered by the Working Girls' Vacation Society, which, during the summer, presents the following inducements: Two weeks in a pleasant country home, for one dollar and twenty-five cents per week.

Half-rate railroad tickets to those desiring to visit relatives or friends in other places. Packages of tickets at half-rates to Glen Island, Staten Island, Yonkers, and other neighboring points.

The other societies have nearly all grown from equally unpretentious beginnings.

Last February it was found that there were ten of such Clubs or Societies in New York and its vicinity, some having rooms of their own open every evening, others meeting in loaned rooms and open certain nights during the week. The Officers representing the Societies met and banded together to form an Association for mutual support and protection. This association is governed by five directresses elected annually, and a general council consisting of the officers of the various clubs. The objects of the association are:

- 1st. To strengthen, knit together and protect the interests of the several societies.
- 2d. To hold meetings when reports of the societies shall be presented, and to make more generally known their aims and advantages.
- 3d. To promote the general adoption of the principles upon which the societies have been founded.
- 4th. To secure the services by coöperation of good teachers, lady physicians, and lecturers.
- 5th. To keep the several societies informed of such classes and schemes as are proved valuable.
- 6th. To encourage and assist in the establishment of new societies.

The members of the societies meet as a whole once a year, and at the first annual meeting of the Association held last March, there were over nine hundred names enrolled. At that time there was but one Society, or rather, Member of the Association, from Brooklyn. Now there are five active Clubs, who have also united under one advisory Committee of ladies, who give much time and thought to the successful development of the Clubs. The

New Century Working Women's Guild of Philadelphia joined the Association as an Honorary Member, and presented its report.* Since this was sent the first of last March, other Societies have grown into usefulness and soon Philadelphia will number several strong Societies, reporting to the Central Association.

Hoboken, New Jersey, and Yonkers, New York, have each most helpful Societies, and in these cities other organizations are being formed. The spirit of the Clubs is to encourage coöperation and self-help. All the members have personal interest in their management and success. The expenses in the main are borne by the members, the monthly dues paying for the rent of rooms, or special classes are extra, and thus the teachers receive their salaries. Each Society or Club forms regulations that meet its own necessities and works in its own way, receiving from the Directresses or Central Council of the Association only such advice as their longer experience enables them to give.

In each Society there are three or more active members who are women of leisure, who give their time and influence to further the aims of the Society, and to maintain in it a high standard.

One at least of these is present at all meetings, and it is believed that the true success of the movement lies in the fact that women of leisure and working girls in all departments of labor are fellow-workers in all matters concerning the good of the several Societies, and that thus laboring side by side they mutually aid each other in solving problems as they arise. A few letters from the girls themselves, lately published in the "Christian Union," are here added, as they show how much the members appreciate the advantages of belonging to Working Girls' Societies.

"My reason for first coming to the rooms was for improvement. I consider the advantages of a society managed by the young ladies themselves are that it

teaches them self-dependence, makes them more eager to learn from others how other societies are managed, and helps them to gain knowledge. We hold our regular monthly meeting of the Society the first Thursday of every month; dues are then paid, all business matters are discussed, and reports read. The officers of the Society are a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Assistant Secretary, Treasurer and Assistant Treasurer, and are elected annually by ballot. We occupy four large rooms at present—a large front room, a kitchen, a storeroom, and a dressing-room; the rooms are all very neatly furnished and carpeted, our kitchen consisting of a cooking-stove, a large table, chairs, and a sewing-machine; our front room consists of a large table, a center-table, all kinds of games, a piano, a circulating library, a closet (in which we keep our writing material and other articles), handsome lace curtains, a number of pretty pictures and mottoes, and all other necessary articles.

"We spend our evenings very pleasantly and industriously. Our classes are arranged as follows: Monday and Thursday evenings, music lessons; Tuesday evening, reading, writing, sewing, playing games, etc.; Wednesday evening, lectures on different things; Friday evening, embroidery. The rooms are closed on Saturday evening. During the winter we have also a cooking class, which we enjoy very much."

BERTHA SCHOENING.

Hoboken, N. J.

Dear Friend:

I can tell you in a very few words the advantages of the Society rooms to the members. By going there they derive instruction and find recreation.

Your friend, L. J.

New York, April 28, '85.

WORKING GIRLS' SOCIETY,
May 1, 1885.

I think I am almost as proud of belonging to the Working Girls' Society as Miss D. is of being President thereof. I feel that I have attained a number of accomplishments I have not had before I joined. In the first place, I have acquired some strength by taking the calisthenic lessons

on Monday evenings, some knowledge by the lectures on Tuesday evenings, and how to embroider on Wednesday evenings. We have such pleasant times that the evenings pass too quickly (at least I think so). Wednesday evenings we generally have an extra jubilant time, with Mrs. I. and Miss D. to help us enjoy ourselves all the more. We have a library in our pleasant and spacious rooms, and from the books, which I have read a number of, I have some more knowledge of reading. These are the thoughts freely written by

B. R. B.

New York.

It would be well if more such societies were erected in this and other great cities where help is so needed. There is plenty to do in this world for those who want to help, and there are so many, many who spend their time and money at leisure and only live for themselves and see others beside them sinking in sin and destruction; it will not do; their cry will go out against them in the last great day. And such work should not be taken up merely to please this person or that, but from a deep sense of our indebtedness to our good and great Master.

They who put their hands to God's work must do it reverently and not lightly withdraw them. Sometimes, of course, circumstances do alter and forbid the carrying on of the work, but while it is done, it must be done in solemn, serious earnest. Difficulties must be faced, and they will be lessened. The Master was never lukewarm in his work. It may be up-hill work, indeed, but still full of joy, promise, and of hope for the future.

This Society was opened a year ago with twelve members; it has succeeded well, because everything was done with a will. Everybody can only try; they needn't to become a member if they don't like it, but which I am sure they will; after they have attended it one week, they won't go away. Some evenings there are more and some less. The other evening there were seventy girls here, and after the classes were over they danced, which is done nearly every evening. A lady of the society or some of the girls play the piano. So we have spent our

evenings the whole winter profitably and pleasantly. Regular lady teachers come in for such classes as singing, night school, millinery, dressmaking, cooking, embroidery, calisthenics, etc. On Thursdays the President holds practical talks with us, and many a good advice we take home with us.

A lady physician is in attendance twice a week for consultation by members. There is no difference of nations made, but every one is welcome.

VIRGINIA POTTER.

General Agent of the Working Girls' Societies.

THE YOUNG GIRLS' CLUB.

Our club was organized in the fall of 1884, by Mrs. M. and her sister Miss F., and a few other ladies. They put a notice in our factory, and requested the young girls to meet in Lincoln Hall. We went there. We were seen by Mrs. M. and Miss F. They told us their intentions of what they were going to do—to organize a club for young girls; to instruct us in different branches of work. So they hired rooms, and we had a meeting three times a week. On Monday evening we had sewing and writing and fancy-work; on Tuesday evening we had singing and some games, and some was working; and on Thursday evening we had writing and spelling, and some work, if any one wanted to. The only fault there was, we had no dancing; our place was too small. Mrs. M. got a dressmaker to teach us how to cut and fit, and she gave five lessons free and helped us a great deal. We had only four months. This gives you an idea of what was carried on. Our fees were five cents a week. I hope, when we start in the fall of 1885, we will have a large place. Some were sorry when it closed so soon. So great thanks should be given to Mrs. M. and Miss F. for the trouble they have taken. We had a few entertainments in Lincoln Hall—singing and reciting by some of the Club—and we all enjoyed it very well.

Yours sincerely, V. R.

Brooklyn.

Those that ever went to a foreign country, and entered a great, strange city, know how desolate and lonely we feel

when there is nobody to meet and welcome us. I found it so when I came to New York some six months ago, and even when I found work soon after, and there wasn't much time for thinking of my loneliness, I could not help feeling it; and very often I wished that I had some friend's house to go to.

Some two months afterward I became acquainted with an American lady, and she gave me the address of the W. G. S. at—. I went there one evening, and became a member of it, and have gone there regularly ever since to spend my evenings. This was four months ago, and I never felt lonely since. I write this to induce other young girls, and who probably do not know of the Society, to join us; we are already two hundred members, but there is still room for many more. It is for their own good and welfare. They not only have a chance to learn many useful things, but a pleasant home to go to.

Everything that can be done is done to make it pleasant; and happy hours are spent there by every one of us. And many an anxious mother is free from care to know that her child spends her evenings in so safe and good a place. Different classes are held every evening, and every member can join whichever class she likes best. There is a circulating library, and members can take the books home after name and number is put down. Many girls come merely for resting themselves or writing letters, for which material is furnished. All the girls are perfectly devoted to the ladies of the Society, and no wonder it is, for they not only do their duty towards the work they have undertaken, but do what every true Christian does for his fellow-creatures—help them when they are in trouble and sorrows; that what our ladies do. I was in trouble and they helped me clean out of it, when I was still nearly a stranger to them.

NEW CENTURY GUILD OF WORKING WOMEN, IN PHILADELPHIA.

ELIZA S. TURNER.

WHAT is a working woman? This is a question admitting of various answers, according to previous notions. To one mind, the term might call up the picture of a German woman ploughing in a field; to another a household drudge; to another a seamstress starving in a garret. A visitor admitted to the headquarters of the New Century Guild of Philadelphia, would find that the idea of work in that Society includes a good deal more. If he should happen to be in the house at noon, for instance, he would be likely to find in the library a saleswoman from one of the nearest stores, a clerk or two from another, and the stenographer from a wholesale house, just dropped in to change their books, and have a chat with whomsoever they find. If he wander toward the little sitting-room, he may espy a tired girl from one of the big stores, with its confusing bustle, stretched on the lounge

for ten minutes of quiet after her lunch. If it should be the twilight time, after work hours, he might come upon the Entertainment Committee in secret *conclave*, evolving a surprise for the next sociable. Or say it is the evening, he would hear from one and another room a hum of voices; in one is the German class laughing with the teacher over some little blunder; in another the cooking-class, with its gas stove, all sorts of good smells issuing therefrom; in another a circle of earnest faces round a table, deep in the mysteries of book-keeping; upstairs, voices rise to the lead of the music teacher. Should he come on a Saturday afternoon, he would be apt to fall in with some of the public school teachers, met to read or chat, or consult over their committee work; or should he choose a monthly business meeting, he would see a young girl presiding, and another taking

minutes, while the committees brought in their reports. He would hear questions asked, papers read and discussed, new plans of work and coöperation suggested,—all with the spirit and dignity of women whom no one would think of calling drudges, or pitying because they have to work for their living. Or should he take the alternate monthly sociable, he would be likely to hear a fair recitation, and some pretty good singing, or to find a majority of the company threading the Virginia reel, to a "hurry up" air on the piano from one of the members. And even in the midst of the dancing time, he might notice on the stairs or in the "little room" a set of eager young people around one or two of the elders of the Society, seeking for help in some of the many conundrums always rising to perplex their inexperience.

In this democratic Society, which includes in its ranks all grades of self-supporting women, there are some who evidently find here their only source of amusement and social enjoyment. They bring nothing, but receive much; and it is a pretty thing and one of constant occurrence, to see the Hospitality Committee,—girls whose chances in life, albeit they are workers, have been somewhat better,—watching for these more heavily handicapped members of the fraternity, making conversation, initiating them into plays and dances, making them feel that life is not all drudgery, even to the poor and unlearned. To such our bright parlors and music and merry cheer is, as a couple of women who live in one room together expressed it, "like a little bit of Paradise." I think one reason why this Society keeps up its spirit is that the persons in whose interest it was started do so much for it themselves. While the managers are, so to speak, the weights of the clock, a large proportion of the running is done by the

younger members. The committee on Women's Work, for example, is steadily accumulating statistics in regard to Philadelphia establishments employing women. They know, not only what stores provide seats behind the counters for odd minutes to rest, but in what stores they are encouraged to use them, and in what others it may not be for the interest of employées to be seen doing so. The good things done by employers are noted and put on file for reference: for instance, how some establishments give, without deducting wages, a week or fortnight in the dog-days, several even paying a part of the holiday expenses; how, while some give twenty minutes for dinner, others give thirty, some a whole hour; how some provide cosy dressing-rooms, and dining-rooms with hot tea and coffee, free to all; how, while some "floor-walkers" make the lives of the girls a perpetual humiliation, others treat them as ladies: how one well-known dry goods store arranges for its little cash boys and girls, beside the dinner time, a solid twenty minutes to each set to go up stairs to an unused room, and play; how most prized of all the virtues of employers, a few actually give warning before dismissal, instead of handing the discharge with the wages on Saturday night.

In addition to the evening classes, where instruction is provided in any branch asked for by six self-supporting women, the Guild intends to establish a gymnasium for women and children, an exchange for women's work, a choral union, and other things in their time. It has also a branch house in the western part of the city, started in the interest of girls employed in the mills of the locality.

Meantime our central idea is to make work noble in the eyes of all by elevating and refining the workers to study, to play, to act together, and to "lend a hand."

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THE INDIAN RIGHTS ASSOCIATION: WHAT IT IS.

THIS society is an organization of citizens irrespective of religious or political distinctions, planted in various towns and cities of the United States, who desire to redress the wrongs of Indians, to secure for them education and certain civil rights, civilization, and ultimately by the full enjoyment of the privileges and responsibilities of American citizenship. The Association was organized in Philadelphia, December 15, 1882, and still makes that city its headquarters. Branches of the Association have been established in many towns and cities throughout the country, among which may be mentioned Boston, Cambridge, Mass.; New Haven, Middletown, Conn.; Albany, Buffalo, Syracuse, Utica, N. Y.; St. Louis, Mo.; Columbus, Ohio; and Santa Fe, N. M. The objects which the Association has in view are the same as those which the Women's Indian Association has for a longer period nobly sought to secure. The two societies, having the same end in view, are working together in perfect harmony, although, from the necessities of the case, along somewhat different lines. The Indian Rights Association is composed principally of men, and gives its especial attention to political work. It is abundantly supplied with fresh and accurate information regarding the condition and needs of the Indians. This information is gathered by its representatives, who annually make extensive journeys among the various tribes so as to arrive at a thorough knowledge of all the conditions of the problem which they seek to solve. This information is used to enlighten the public mind, and so to arouse public sentiment, by means of

pamphlets and addresses, and to bring such a pressure to bear upon Congress, as shall overcome the apathy of the Government and secure much needed legislation, and right action on the part of the executive. The most important feature of the Association is the constant presence of its representative, Prof. C. C. Painter, at Washington during the session of Congress. Prof. Painter is intimately acquainted with the course of Indian affairs in the national Capital and thus is enabled to inform the central Board in Philadelphia and various branches throughout the country at any moment when their action is required.

WHAT THE ASSOCIATION HAS ACCOMPLISHED.

1st. Several hundred thousand persons have been directly reached by public addresses, by pamphlets and publications, and by this means public opinion has been aroused to the point where definite action can be secured.

2d. Through the efforts of this, and the Woman's National Indian Association, appropriations for the education of Indian children have been steadily increased.

3d. During the past winter an appropriation of \$50,000 was secured, in the face of opposition from the Indian Committee of the House, for the relief of the starving Piegan Indians.

4th. Two unlawful attempts to obtain land from the Sioux Indians of Dakota have been exposed and successfully resisted: (a) The case of the Sioux agreement of 1882-3. (b) The case of the Crow Creek lands, 500,000 acres of which

were illegally thrown open by an order of the last administration, and upon a representation of the facts by the Indian Rights Association were restored to their rightful owners. This is but a slight sketch of re-

sults obtained by the Indian Rights Association; the success which it has already achieved demonstrates the correctness of the principles upon which its action has been based.

THE WOMEN'S NATIONAL INDIAN ASSOCIATION.

THE official records of this Association, presented at its late interesting annual meeting in Philadelphia, its headquarters, report the Society's work as having grown from its beginnings in the spring of 1879 to that of a national body of wide influence, great industry and efficiency. Fifty-six auxiliary branches and committees in all have been organized, and the work is now shared by associations, committees, officers or helpers in twenty-seven States, and the aim is to organize in all the States and Territories in aid of Indian civilization, education, evangelization and citizenship. The Association has steadily pursued its four lines of work for making public sentiment with a view to create a pressure upon Congress which shall compass the enactment of the needed laws, and its efforts have had large results in awakening popular interest, and interest in high places as well, upon the subject discussed. Its first petition to Government, sent February, 1880, was signed by thirteen thousand, the next by fifty thousand, and the third one represented more than a hundred thousand citizens, including the representative signatures of nearly one thousand churches. Its appeal from the first has been to those who make and control the sentiment of communities; to pastors, editors, leaders in education, and other men and women of ability and influence. For the last three years its method of memorializing Congress has been by bringing to Representatives these personal letters from leading citizens of their own constituency, and by the direct appeals of the Executive Board and Auxiliaries. During the last

year it has made pleas for starving Montana Indians; for increased appropriations for education; for two new Government Indian schools; for the passage of the Coke and Sioux Bills; for sufficient appropriations for Indian pupils at other than Government schools; for the passage of the Cutcheon Amendment; to prevent certain land frauds, and for other things; sending also votes of thanks to the Executive, to the Interior Department, to Senator Dawes and to others on occasion. The Association has also secured the passage of its Resolutions by eight State legislatures, the latter bodies thus instructing their Representatives at Washington to vote for just Indian bills.

Four hundred and fifty meetings have been held during the past year by the Association, including the regular, public, and drawing-room meetings, and these have been addressed by Senators, Generals of the Army, and others familiar with Indians and their needs and with legislation concerning them. According to the best data between eight hundred and a thousand newspapers, and these of the best, have during the past year opened their columns to the thought and work of the Association, and thus set in motion numberless currents of influence, while many thousands of leaflets and pamphlets giving needed information have also been distributed. Among the latter have been many of the valuable pamphlets of the Indian Rights Association, a society which for three years has done most able political work on Indian behalf.

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Association, though but a little more than a year old, has established missionaries at three stations in Indian Territory, and is about opening another station among the Sioux of Dakota, and one in California.

The plan of the society, which represents ten Christian denominations, is to begin Christian instruction and practical domestic teaching in some of the eighty tribes and separated portions of tribes where now there is no missionary of any denomination, and having enlisted new helpers for the station, in some association, town, or church, to resign it at the earliest date to one of the great missionary societies. Thus is the Association the handmaid and helper of all the Christian mission societies while taking the territory of none. One station, that at Pawnee, Indian Territory, having 1200 Indians, has already been accepted by one of the great missionary Boards and is in good and permanent hands, while deep interest is everywhere felt in this most needed enterprise of the society.

The latest department of work adopted

is that of Indian Home Building, which proposes to lend to a young Indian pair who have had training at a Government or other Indian school, not only in books but in civilized home-life as well, a sufficient sum to build a neat framed house, the amount to be returned in annual instalments, thus stimulating and helping without pauperizing; and this most interesting line of work has also been already successfully tried on lands in severalty among the Omahas, for only where sure individual titles can be had will this loan-fund be available.

The officers of the Association are as follows: *Honorary President*, Miss M. L. Bonney, Philadelphia; *President*, Mrs. M. L. Dickinson, New York; *Vice-President*, Mrs. J. R. Jones, Philadelphia; *General Secretary*, Mrs. A. S. Quinton, Philadelphia; *Recording Secretary*, Miss S. Newlin, Philadelphia; *Treasurer*, Mrs. H. W. Smith, Philadelphia; *Assistant Treasurer*, Miss H. R. Foote, Philadelphia.

THE MOHONK INDIAN PLATFORM.

THE PLATFORM.

MORE than fifty friends of the Red man, representing the Board of Indian Commissioners, the Women's National Indian Association, the Indian Rights Association, the great missionary societies, the press, the legal profession, and the Government, spent three days by the princely hospitality of Albert K. Smiley, Esq., at his beautiful home on Lake Mohonk in October to consider and discuss the Indian Question.

After hearing various addresses full of information and inspiration, the following principles, broad enough to include the generous activities of all friends of Indians, and so just as to commend themselves to the whole right-minded public, were unanimously adopted.

The Indian question can never be settled except on principles of justice and equal rights.

In its settlement, all property rights of the Indians should be sacredly guarded, and all obligations should be faithfully fulfilled.

Keeping this steadily in view, the object of all legislative and executive action hereafter should be, not the isolation of the Indians, but the abrogation of the Indian reservations as rapidly as possible.

The permitted diffusion of the Indians among the people, in order that they may become acquainted with civilized habits and modes of life. The ultimate discon-

tinuance of annuities so promotive of idleness and pauperism. The subjection of the Indians to the laws of the United States and of the States and Territories where they may reside, and their protection by the same laws as those by which citizens are protected.

The opening of all the territory of the United States to their possible acquisition and to civilization, and the early admission of the Indians to American citizenship.

These objects should be steadily kept in view and pursued immediately, vigorously and continuously. The measures we recommend for their accomplishment are the following:

First. The present system of Indian education should be enlarged, and a comprehensive plan should be adopted which shall place Indian children in schools under compulsion, if necessary, and shall provide industrial education for a large proportion of them. The adult Indians should be brought under preparation for self-support. To this end, the free ration system should be discontinued as rapidly as possible, and a sufficient number of farmers and other industrial teachers should be provided meantime to teach them to earn their own living.

Second. Immediate measures should be taken to break up the system of holding all lands in common, and each Indian family should receive a patent for a portion of land to be held in severalty, the amount to be dependent upon the number of members of the family and the character of the land, whether adapted for cultivation or for grazing. This land should be inalienable for a period of twenty-five years. The Coke Bill, as embodying this principle, has our earnest support, and is urged upon all friends of the Indians as the one practicable measure for securing these ends.

Third. All portions of the Indian reservations which are not allotted should, after the Indians have selected and secured their lands, be purchased by the Govern-

ment at a fair rate and thrown open to settlement.

Fourth. The cash value of the lands thus purchased should be set aside by the Government as a fund to be expended as rapidly as can be wisely done for their benefit, especially their industrial advancement.

Fifth. In order to carry out the preceding recommendations, legal provision should be made for the necessary surveys of the reservations, and, wherever necessary, negotiations should be pressed in every honorable way until the consent of the Indians be obtained.

Sixth. Indians belonging to tribes which give up their reservations and accept allotments of land in severalty, and all Indians who abandon their tribal organization and adopt the habits and modes of civilized life, should be at once admitted to citizenship of the United States and become subject to and entitled to the protection of the laws of the United States, and of the States or Territories where they may reside.

Seventh. During this process of civilization, some representative of the United States Government should be charged with the protection and instruction of the Indians, but all such officers should be withdrawn as soon as the Indians are capable of self-support and self-protection.

Eighth. We are unalterably opposed to the removal of tribes of Indians from their established homes and massing them together in one or more Territories, as injurious to the Indians and an impediment to their civilization.

Ninth. We thankfully recognize the growing interest taken by the legislative and executive departments of our country in the welfare of the Indians, and the increased desire manifest among our people, West and East, to do them justice; and our thanks are also due to the religious and philanthropic organizations which have fostered this interest and supplemented the work of the Government by their

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missionary and educational labors. But Government and individuals must do more before the debt we owe to the Indians can be paid.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

MANY of us when young were taught that the more beggars we helped, the more good we did. But thought and experience teach us that it is quite different and we learn "a more excellent way."

Giving to people of whose lives we know nothing is found to do immense harm, to ourselves, to the one so recklessly helped, and to the public in general. First to ourselves, because it is a lazy way of getting rid of a disagreeable duty. It is so easy to dismiss a beggar with a dime, so much easier than to look into his true condition. Second, to the one whom we think we have relieved by encouraging him in a life of deceit. Suppose for instance, a man out of work, his family suffering for the actual wants of life. He knows not which way to turn, and finally starts out to ask help of his fellow-men. He naturally makes his story as pitiful as possible, at first coloring it a little but gradually elaborating until finally there is scarcely an element of truth in it. He was at first an honest man in pressing need, but is now an impostor who prefers to beg rather than to work, his wife and little ones made paupers, and all because in the first instance his case was not looked into.

This is not a fancy, it is a sad fact. People are encouraged, yes paid, to deceive, by careless givers. Isn't this something to think about, something well worth studying? If we are to "lend a hand," let it be a hand that is to hold up, to lift up, not one to push down to utter degradation.

If in the first instance this man had been visited, to see if he really lived at the given address, then if need be, food for the time secured, and then the case turned over to a

society whose business it is to examine all cases of alleged want, his condition would have been looked into carefully, the truth ascertained, and the man convinced that nothing but the truth would answer. His immediate needs being attended to, work would probably be found for him, or some other way out of his difficulty (frequently families are emigrated to some other place where all conditions are more favorable), and the need for begging being removed the family could in time be made self-supporting, and thus one family, perhaps generations, saved from the pauper ranks.

It is a great deal of trouble to take hold of a poor family, study out why it is poor, help parents and children out of the slough of despond by words of counsel and good cheer, but it is a grand work. This is the work of organized charity. Who will lend a hand?

Let me tell you a true story, one that is well vouched for.

Four years since an earnest appeal appeared in a daily paper in behalf of a poor family. The agent of a relieving society made a special call on the family on Sunday. Although the visit was unexpected, sufficient misery, sickness and poverty were visible to rouse much sympathy. A goodly supply of provisions and a warm fire were accounted for by the generosity of readers who saw the case noticed in the paper. But two broken chairs, a stove, and a straw tick on which a crippled child lay, were about all the room contained. Hastening away to procure covering for the sick child, and some kind of bedding for the others, the visitor conferred with the housekeeper, who gave a different color to the picture. Following the clues

thus received, the agent proved that the man had pursued a life of willful idleness and fraud for over a year, living in different houses for months rent free, through false representations. He spent his nights out, his days in bed, refusing work offered to him, and pleading sickness as a reason. These facts being verified and presented to the newspaper, the editor intercepted farther contributions and returned them to the donors. Although partially defeated, he still managed to evade work by going among the merchants and those of benevolent reputations, and by telling them a pitiful story, to which many responded without examination. Soon, however, he became so widely known that his traffic became seriously hindered, and he left for Chicago with his family. There he renewed his course of begging, but the authorities took him in hand, and shipped them all back (in 1882) to New York as paupers. Again he appealed through the press to the New York public, and The Charity Organization Society, then new, was asked to investigate the case. Learning his previous record, he was offered work, but said his complaint would not allow him to do it; although a physician of high standing, who visited him for the Society, failed to find any incapacitating malady. However, he continued for another year to live idly by imposing, every three or four months, on a fresh reporter of a different paper, and drawing from each sensational sketch enough to pay the cost meanwhile. A year or more since a baby was born, and after some months died. The father invited reporters of two or three papers into his room, the dead child was placed on exhibition on a board placed on top of a barrel. A harrowing scene of want and despair was painted, and aid and sympathy flowed in from every quarter. A well-known clergyman flew to the rescue and offered to bury the child, and sent also much other material relief.

To his surprise the undertaker was not allowed to coffin the child, the coffin being hidden in an inner room, and for four days or more the little form was exhibited on the head of the barrel. Finally, over \$700 being realized, the child was buried, but the father could not attend the burial, as he could not "afford to miss the callers still coming," because of the newspaper appeals. Besides the \$700, quantities of clothing, furniture and bedding were sent in. Thus re-enforced the family removed to fine apartments, bought an organ and other adornments, and passed themselves off as persons of means, securing several more months of idle luxury. While still enough money remained the man decided to move to another city and go into business there. The story teaches several things: (1.) How easily a family may be corrupted by unwise charity. This was a case of honest misfortune at first, but the earliest newspaper appeal showed the man how much better begging paid than honest labor, and he has not done an honest day's work since, and probably never will till forced to. (2.) How unreliable newspaper appeals are. They are usually made by reporters of little experience in such matters, whose ability to get up a sensational article is their capital. Some of the papers now make it a rule not to publish these appeals without first submitting them to the Charity Organization Society for investigation. (3.) How unjust to the deserving poor are such contributions to those whose cases have not been searched out. The bitterest comments on such misapplied charity come from upright, self-respecting men, striving to fulfill their duties to their families and the community, when they find that the people who barely pay them fair wages for their honest toil will lavish hundreds of dollars upon their worthless neighbor as a reward of falsehood and vicious idleness.

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